52 PAGES!

40p

DOCTOR WHO

SUMMER SPECIAL

INVASION OF THE

IRON LEGION

COMPLETE INSIDE!

THE DOCTOR TAKES ON AN ENTIRE GALAXY

— A 34 PAGE EPIC

-PLUS DALEKS! PIN-UPS!

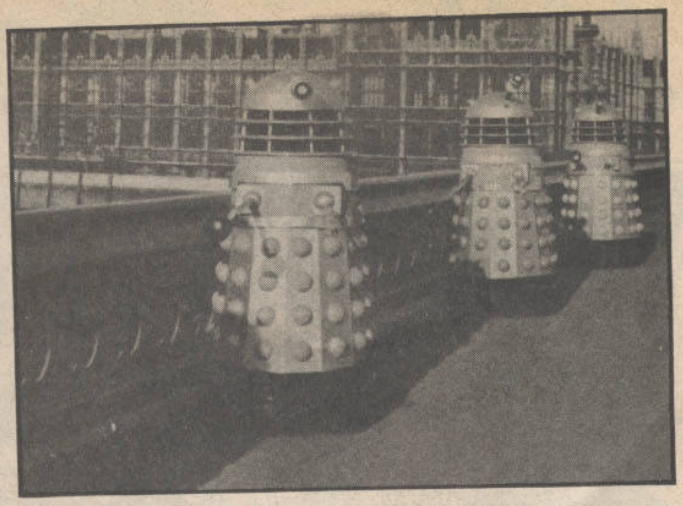
PLUS LOTS MORE!

WANNA SEE THE HOTTEST COMIC STRIPS IN THE UNIVERSE?
IT'S ALL IN
DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY
AAAHH!
WHO CONTROLLED THEM??
OGS
OOM
NEWS! FEATURES! PICTURE STRIPS!
ATTACK!
DILLON. GIBBONS. LLOYD—HAH! BEST IN GALAXY!
EARTH'S ENTRY IN THE ALL-SPACE COMIC FESTIVAL!
ON SALE NOW THROUGHOUT THE SOLAR SYSTEM!

THE BEST OF DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

DOCTOR WHO

SUMMER SPECIAL



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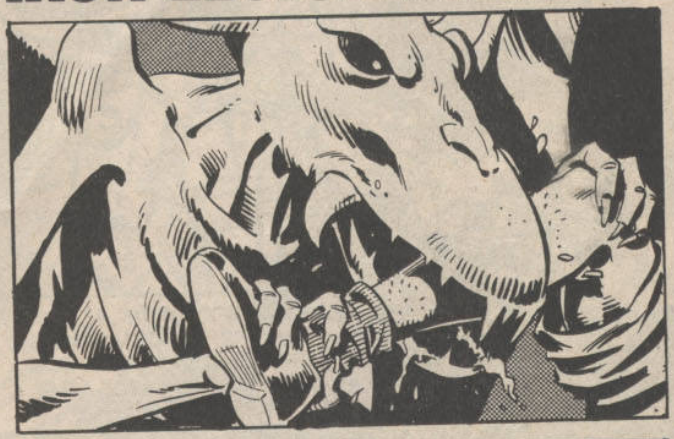

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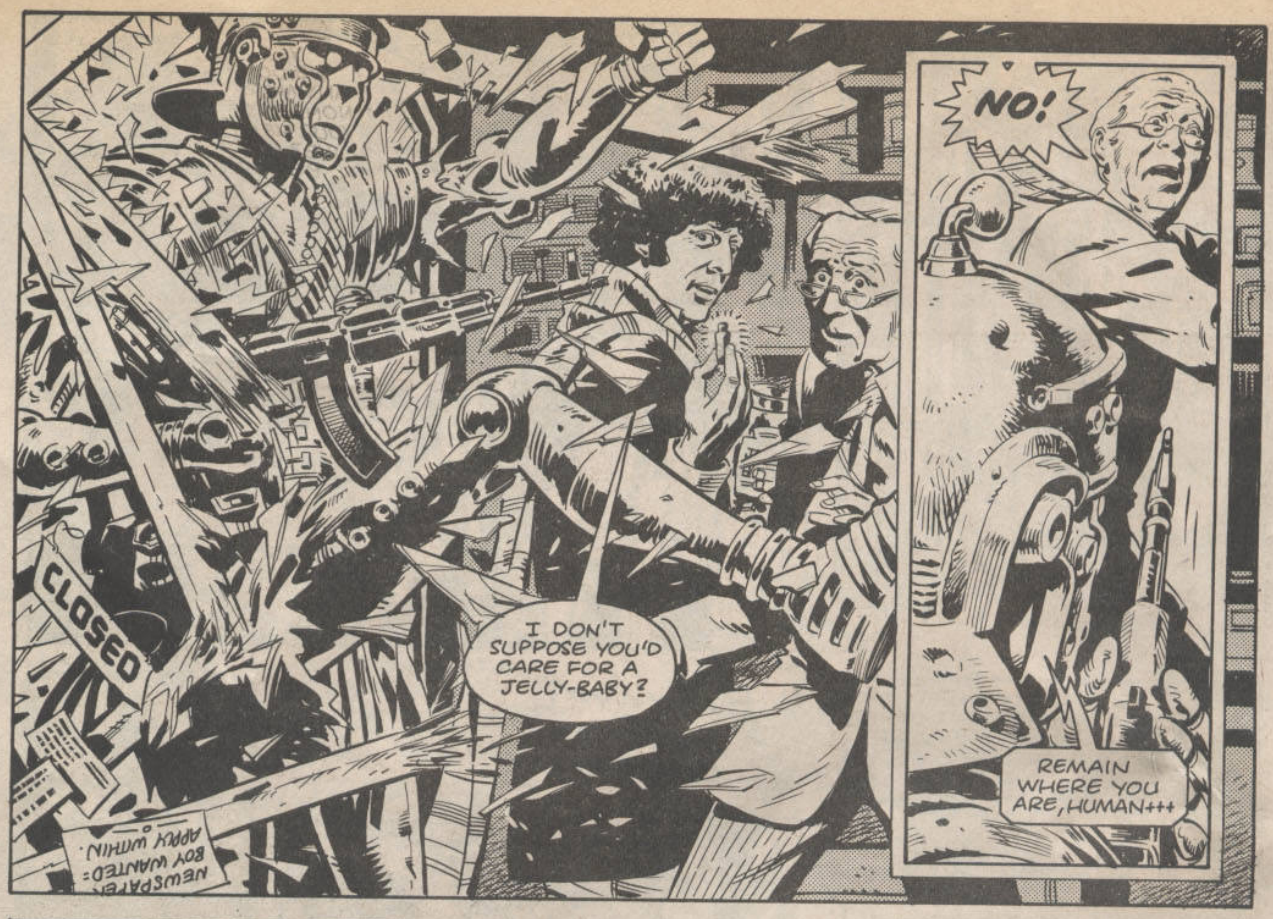
DOCTOR WHO AND THE IRON LEGION

WRITERS: MILLS+WAGNER / ARTIST: DAVE GIBBONS / EDITOR: DEZ SKINN

THE DOCTOR'S TARDIS LANDS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A VILLAGE--
J.GRUD
I MUST STOCK UP WITH PROVISIONS, I HAVEN'T HAD A THING TO EAT SINCE I TOOK OFF FROM ZAGGAR-SIX!
JELLY BABIES, TOO ...OH, HELLO! I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU ACCEPT ZAGGAN POUND NOTES..?
THEY'RE A LITTLE ON THE SLIMY SIDE, BUT ABSOLUTELY INFLATION-PROOF!
JELLY BABIES
THEY'RE COMING!
WE--WE TRIED TO RUN... BUT THEY'D SURROUNDED THE AREA! I--I CAME BACK HERE. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO!
WHO..? WHO ARE YOU AFRAID OF?
OH, NO-- LOOK!
SONAR DETECTS THREE HUMANS WITHIN++ WILL PROCEED TO ENTER +++


CLOSED
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D CARE FOR A JELLY-BABY?
NO!
REMAIN WHERE YOU ARE, HUMAN+++

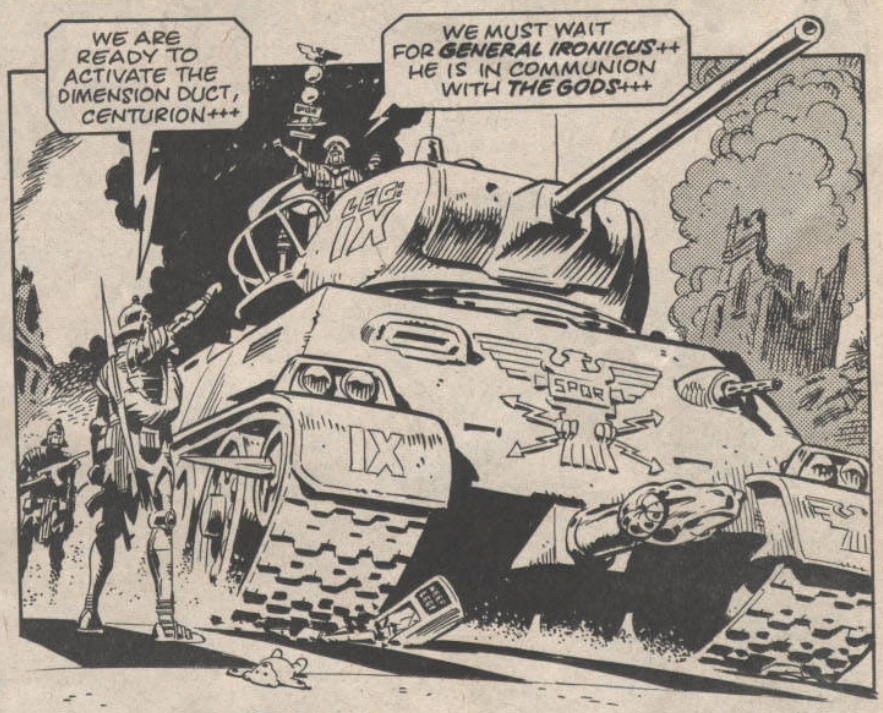
YOU KILLED THE OLD MAN -- IN COLD BLOOD!
SONAR NOW DETECTS TWO HUMANS LEFT ALIVE++ INFRA-RED VISION REVEALS ONLY ONE++ CHECK DATA+++

GIVE ME THAT GUN!
GET BACK-- OR I FIRE+++

THE DOCTOR'S TWO HEARTS CONFUSE THE ROBOT...
SONAR DETECTS TWO HEART BEATS++INFRA-RED REVEALS ONE HUMAN ++ CONCLUSION=IMPOSSIBLE ++ MALFUNCTION++ IMPOSSIBLE+++
YES, I KNOW I'M IMPOSSIBLE! NOW HAND OVER THAT GUN!

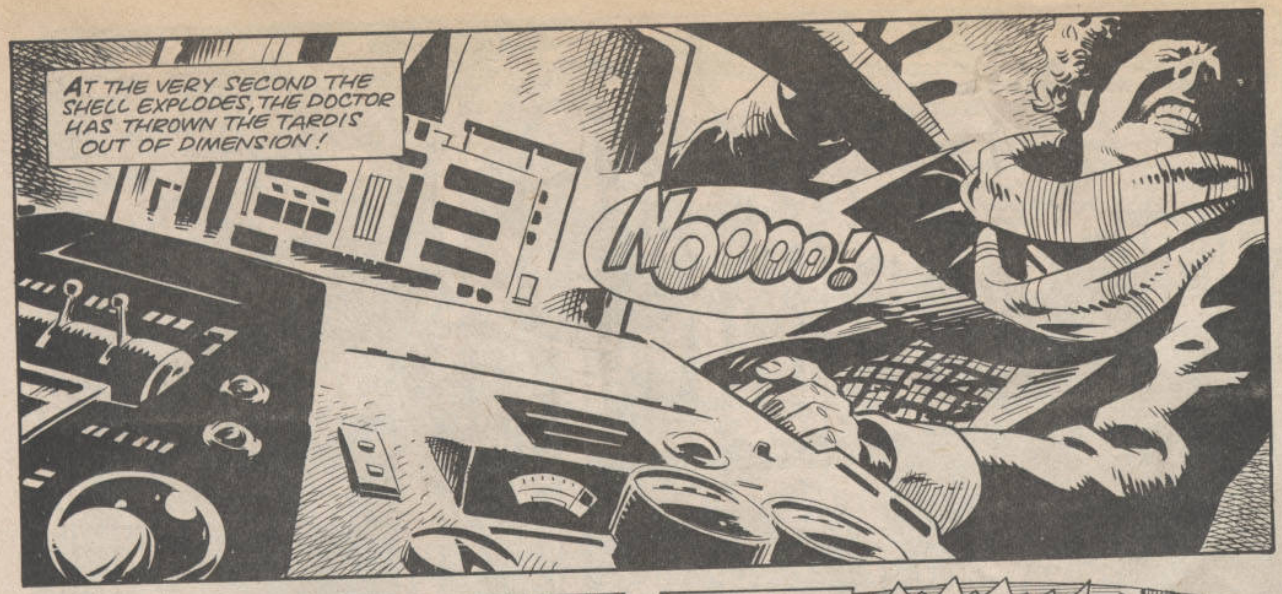
TWO HUMANS++ ONE HUMAN++ MALFUNCTION++MUST DESTROY++ IMPOSSIBLE++ SMASH+++
YES, YES, WE DON'T WANT ANY MORE OF THAT NONSENSE. LET'S GET YOUR HEAD OFF, SHALL WE? BEFORE YOU BLOW A FUSE!

ABSOLUTELY FASCINATING... "FIRST COHORT OF THE NINTH LEGION"!


WE ARE READY TO ACTIVATE THE DIMENSION DUCT, CENTURION+++
WE MUST WAIT FOR GENERAL IRONICUS++ HE IS IN COMMUNION WITH THE GODS+++
IX
SPQR

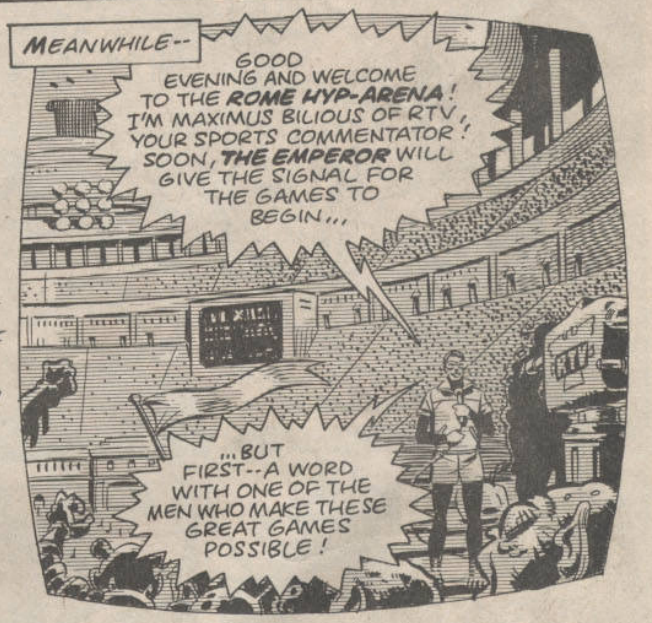
INSIDE THE BALLISTA...
OH, GODS... HOW I LOVE WAR. LET THERE NEVER BE AN END TO MY CONQUESTS. LET MY IRON LEGION MARCH FOR EVER. FOR ONLY THROUGH DESTRUCTION AM I ALIVE. AND WITHOUT DEATH, I AM A DEAD THING.
OH, GODS... LET THE ETERNAL WAR THAT HAS LASTED THROUGH THE MILLENNIA CONTINUE... UNTIL THE END OF TIME!
THE GODS HAVE LOOKED UPON WHAT YOU HAVE DONE, IRONICUS, AND FOUND IT... EVIL!
GO IN DARKNESS, MY SON.

YOU MAY SPEAK TO ME NOW, MY PURPLE LIGHT IS ON
THE DIMENSION DUCT IS READY FOR YOUR GLORIOUS RETURN, GENERAL++ ALL COHORTS REPORT VICTORY++ ONLY ONE CASUALTY -- A LEGIONNAIRE WHO HAS HAD A BRAIN SEIZURE+++
AT THAT MOMENT, THE DOCTOR LEAVES THE SHOP...
AH..! ER, WELL, THAT WAS REALLY MY FAULT..!
YOU WILL COME WITH US+++
IN THAT CASE, I'LL JUST GET MY TRAVELLING HAT ...HERE-- YOU'D BETTER LOOK AFTER THIS!
OPEN FIRE!
AAAAAAHH!!


AT THE VERY SECOND THE SHELL EXPLODES, THE DOCTOR HAS THROWN THE TARDIS OUT OF DIMENSION!
NOOOO!

MINUTES LATER--
SORRY ABOUT THAT, OLD GIRL... IT DIDN'T GO DOWN VERY WELL WITH ME, EITHER...

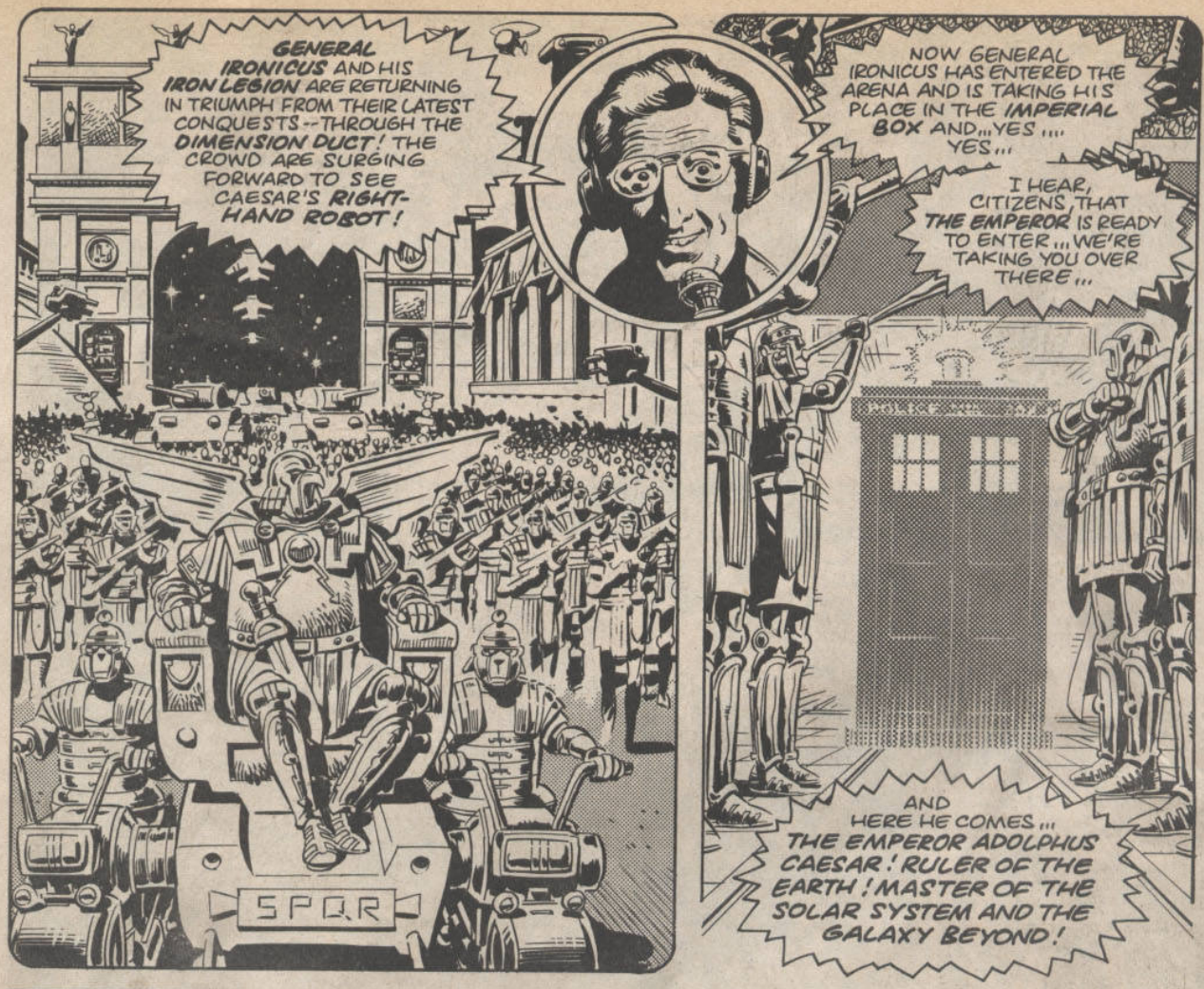
...WE SEEM TO BE CAUGHT IN SOME KIND OF DIMENSIONAL DISTURBANCE!


MEANWHILE--
GOOD EVENING AND WELCOME TO THE ROME HYP-ARENA! I'M MAXIMUS BILIOUS OF RTV, YOUR SPORTS COMMENTATOR! SOON, THE EMPEROR WILL GIVE THE SIGNAL FOR THE GAMES TO BEGIN...
...BUT FIRST--A WORD WITH ONE OF THE MEN WHO MAKE THESE GREAT GAMES POSSIBLE!

THIS IS BARBARIUS, KEEPER OF THE MONSTERS. HOW ARE THINGS LOOKING, BARB? MONSTERS IN GOOD FORM?
UH, GREAT, MAX. THE ZARKS HAVE BEEN ON BREAD AND WATER FOR A WEEK AND THEY'RE FIGHTING FIT! WE'VE GOT SOME FIRST-RATE KILLER KRONKS FROM THE CRAB NEBULA, ALL EARTH-TRAINED.

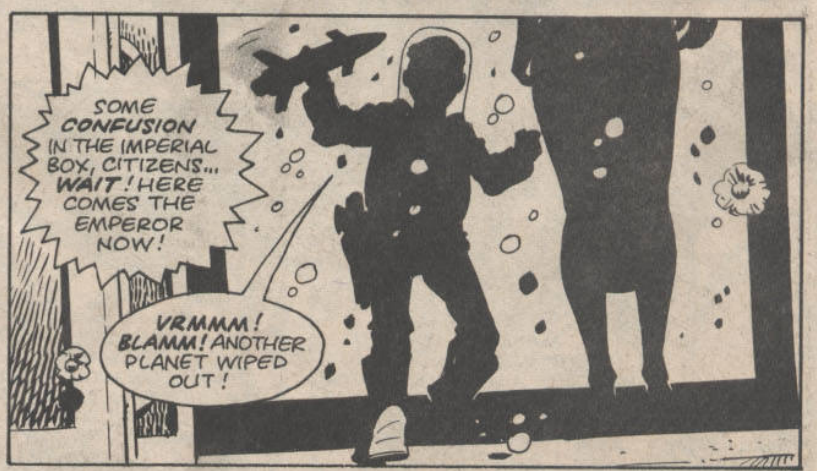
AND WHAT ABOUT THE ECTOSLIME, BARB? I'VE HEARD THERE'S BEEN SOME TENTACLE TROUBLE THERE...
NO, MAX, THEY'RE IN TOP SHAPE. THERE'LL BE SOME FUN IN THE ARENA WHEN THE ECTOSLIME COMES IN!

GOOD TO HEAR, BARB! THERE ARE SOME BIG SESTERCES RESTING ON THE SLIME...
...AND NOW, A NEWS-FLASH!

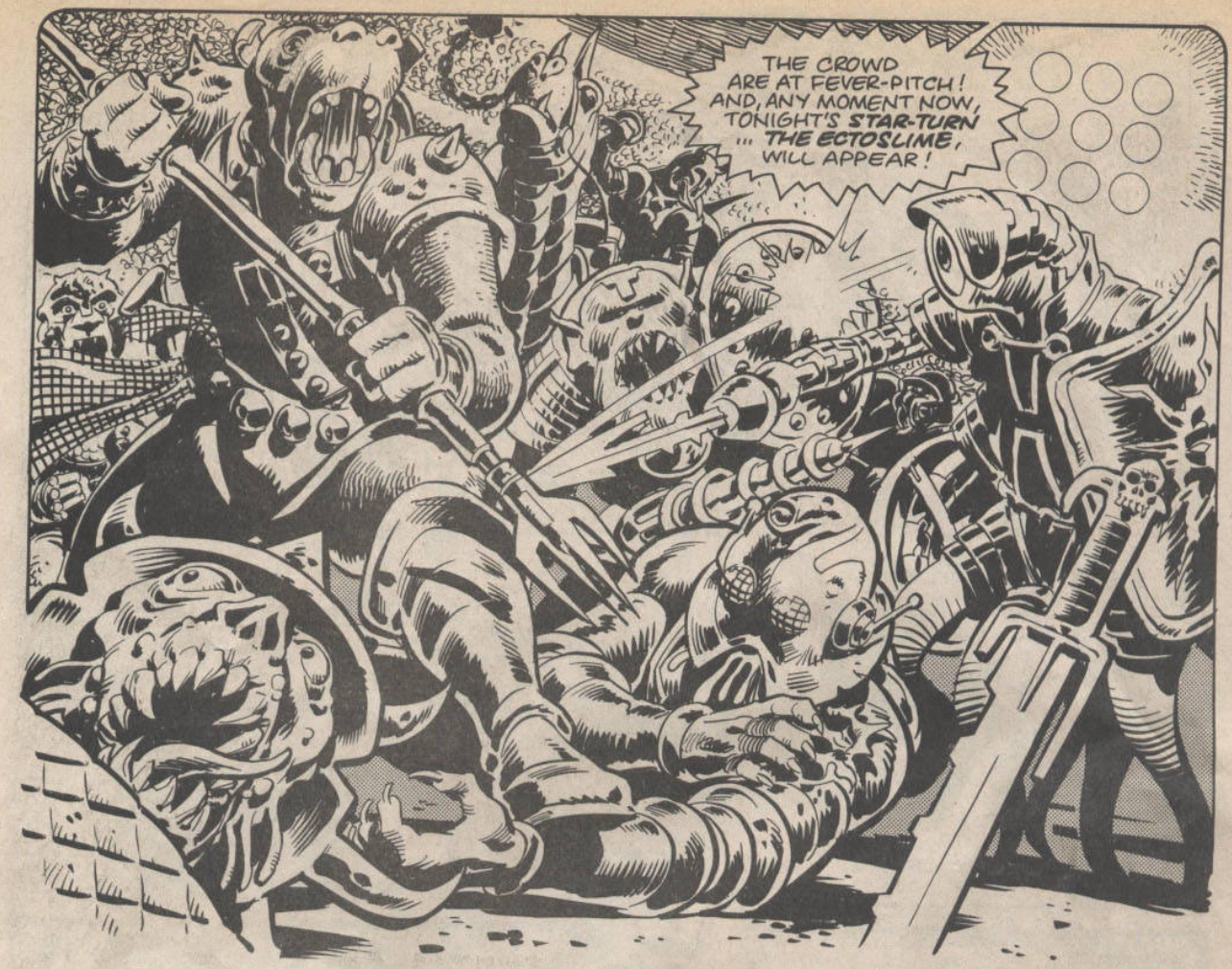

GENERAL IRONICUS AND HIS IRON LEGION ARE RETURNING IN TRIUMPH FROM THEIR LATEST CONQUESTS--THROUGH THE DIMENSION DUCT! THE CROWD ARE SURGING FORWARD TO SEE CAESAR'S RIGHT-HAND ROBOT!
SPQR
NOW GENERAL IRONICUS HAS ENTERED THE ARENA AND IS TAKING HIS PLACE IN THE IMPERIAL BOX AND...YES.... YES...
I HEAR, CITIZENS, THAT THE EMPEROR IS READY TO ENTER...WE'RE TAKING YOU OVER THERE...
POLICE BOX
AND HERE HE COMES... THE EMPEROR ADOLPHUS CAESAR! RULER OF THE EARTH! MASTER OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM AND THE GALAXY BEYOND!

HAIL CAESAR!
HAIL CAESAR!
OH, YOU'RE TOO KIND...BUT I'M JUST--THE DOCTOR!

TAKE HIM!


SOME CONFUSION IN THE IMPERIAL BOX, CITIZENS... WAIT! HERE COMES THE EMPEROR NOW!
VRMMM! BLAMM! ANOTHER PLANET WIPED OUT!

I AM THE EMPEROR ADOLPHUS AND I CAN DO WHAT I WANT!
OF COURSE YOU CAN, CHILD. BUT IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO OPEN THE GAMES!
OH, VERY WELL! I DECLARE THESE STUPID GAMES OPEN!
AVE, CAESAR! MORITURI TE SALUTANT!
THE DOCTOR REALISES THE TRUTH--
AN ALTERNATIVE EARTH WHERE ROME NEVER FELL...! BUT, INSTEAD, DEVELOPED A SOPHISTICATED TECHNOLOGY AND--WITH ITS ROBOT LEGIONS -- CONQUERED THE ENTIRE GALAXY!
IS IT NOT A PROUD ACHIEVEMENT, DOCTOR?
IT'S APPALLING! WHAT ON EARTH'S THE POINT? I MEAN... DON'T YOU FIND ALL THAT MARCHING AND CONQUERING RATHER BORING, GENERAL?
NO.
AND THE CARNAGE OF THE ARENA?
IT KEEPS THE MOB AMUSED!


THE CROWD ARE AT FEVER-PITCH! AND, ANY MOMENT NOW, TONIGHT'S STAR-TURN ... THE ECTOSLIME, WILL APPEAR!

YOUR MACHINE CAN OBVIOUSLY TRAVEL IN OTHER TIMES AND DIMENSIONS, IT WILL BE USEFUL NOW THAT ROME HAS CROSSED THESE FRONTIERS.
POLICE
YOU WILL TELL ME ITS SECRETS, DOCTOR!

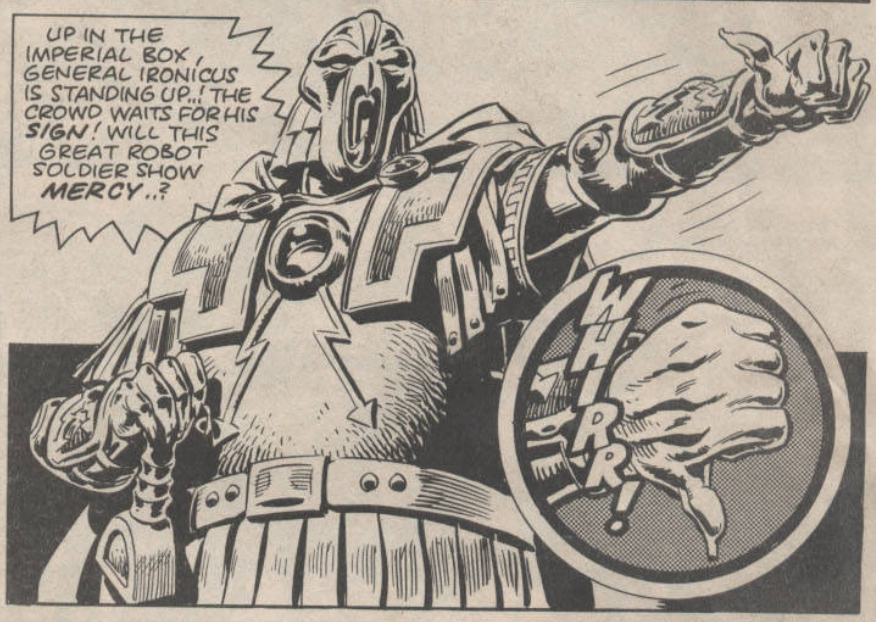
AND IF I REFUSE?
YOU'RE AN INTELLIGENT MAN, DOCTOR. I THINK YOU KNOW THE ANSWER.

I'D RATHER DIE THAN HELP YOU TO CONQUER EVERYTHING IN CREATION!
VERY WELL. THROW HIM TO THE ECTOSLIME!

PUT YOUR GAS-MASKS ON, CITIZENS! IT'S YOUR FAVOURITE AND MINE... THE ECTOSLIME! WILL THE DOCTOR BE ITS CXXIV VICTIM OF THE SEASON?
AS 'ECCY' FANS KNOW, THE MONSTER STUNS ITS VICTIMS WITH ITS ODOUR BEFORE LIQUEFYING AND DRINKING THEM!
>GASP!< THAT SMELL!
DO YOU MIND IF I BORROW YOUR TOASTING FORK?
NOW THE ECTOSLIME IS MOVING IN FOR THE KILL!
MAYBE I'VE COME ACROSS THIS CREATURE BEFORE... PERHAPS IT'S GOT SOME WEAKNESS...
MUST GO THROUGH MY MEMORY FILES! LET'S SEE... 'ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN... AUTONS ... AXOS ...'
THE DOCTOR IS DEFENDING HIMSELF ... BUT A TRIDENT IS LITTLE USE AGAINST THE SLIMY WONDER!

NOW THE DOCTOR IS ON THE GROUND! IT'S NEARLY OVER! THE CROWD ARE GOING CRAZY WITH EXCITEMENT!

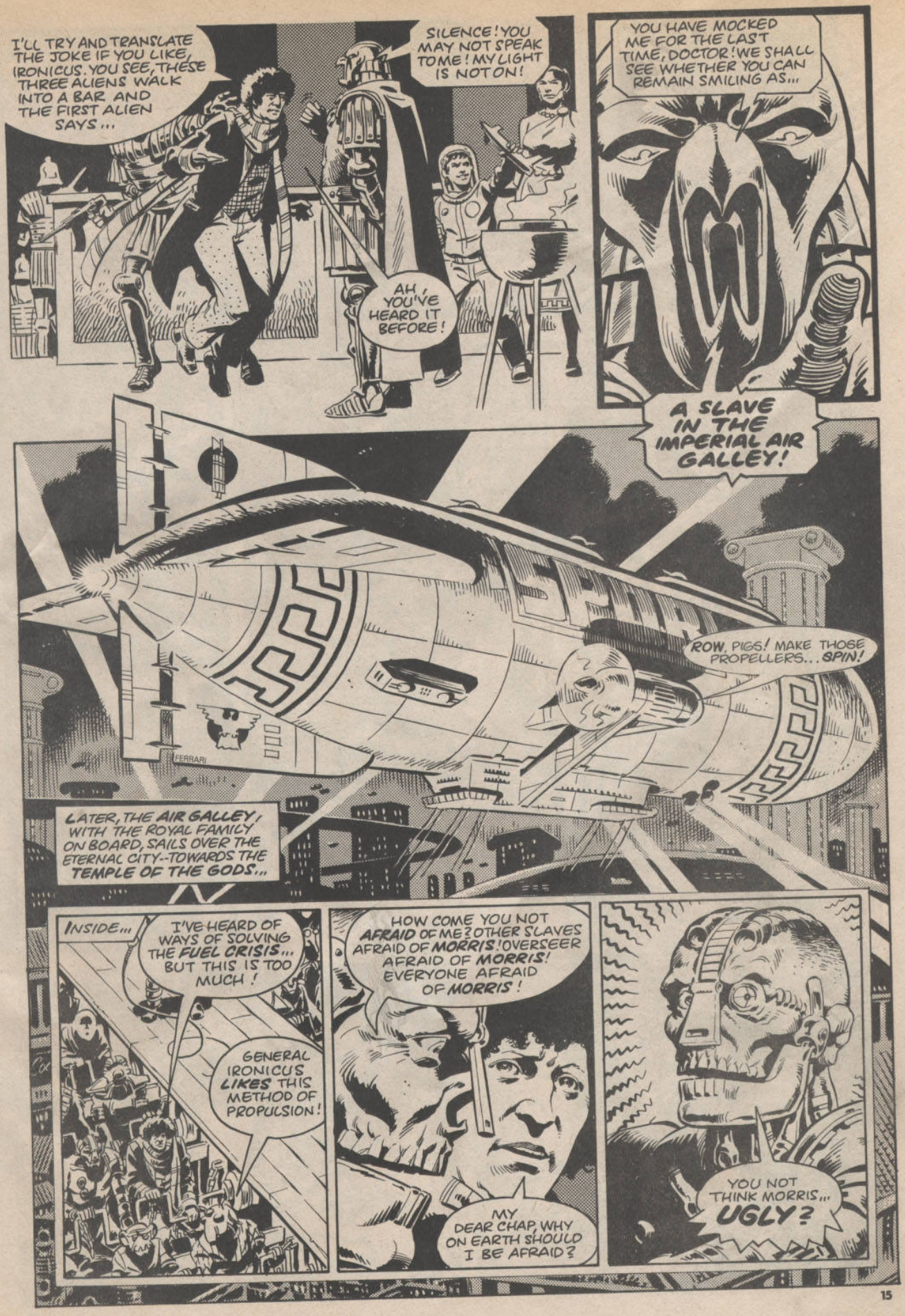
ONLY GENERAL IRONICUS CAN STOP THE MONSTER FROM DELIVERING THE DEATH BLOW!
'DAEMONS'... DALEKS... DINOSAURS...' AH, HERE WE ARE... 'ECTO-SLIME--DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC...'


UP IN THE IMPERIAL BOX, GENERAL IRONICUS IS STANDING UP..! THE CROWD WAITS FOR HIS SIGN! WILL THIS GREAT ROBOT SOLDIER SHOW MERCY..?
WHRR!

NO!... AND SO, ECCY CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM, AND... WAIT! SOMETHING STRANGE IS HAPPENING... THE DOCTOR IS SPEAKING TO THE ECTOSLIME IN AN ALIEN TONGUE AND THE MONSTER IS STARTING TO VIBRATE..!

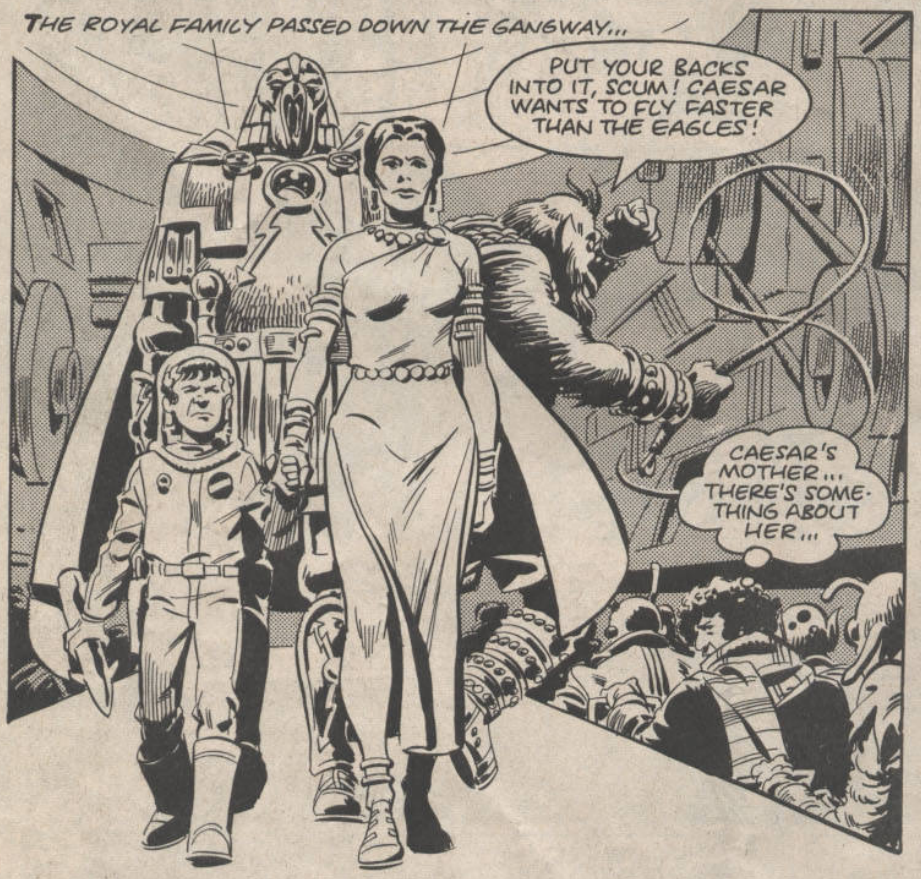
I'M SORRY HUMANS COULDN'T APPRECIATE IT... BUT IT WAS A VERY ALIEN JOKE!! THAT'S THE THING ABOUT ECTO-SLIME--THEY HAVE A HIGHLY DEVELOPED SENSE OF HUMOUR...
...IT'S NATURE'S WAY OF MAKING UP FOR THEIR APPEARANCE!

BRING ME THE DOCTOR!


I'LL TRY AND TRANSLATE THE JOKE IF YOU LIKE, IRONICUS. YOU SEE, THESE THREE ALIENS WALK INTO A BAR AND THE FIRST ALIEN SAYS...
SILENCE! YOU MAY NOT SPEAK TO ME! MY LIGHT IS NOT ON!
AH, YOU'VE HEARD IT BEFORE!
YOU HAVE MOCKED ME FOR THE LAST TIME, DOCTOR! WE SHALL SEE WHETHER YOU CAN REMAIN SMILING AS...
A SLAVE IN THE IMPERIAL AIR GALLEY!
ROW, PIGS! MAKE THOSE PROPELLERS... SPIN!
FERRARI
LATER, THE AIR GALLEY, WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY ON BOARD, SAILS OVER THE ETERNAL CITY--TOWARDS THE TEMPLE OF THE GODS...
INSIDE...
I'VE HEARD OF WAYS OF SOLVING THE FUEL CRISIS... BUT THIS IS TOO MUCH!
GENERAL IRONICUS LIKES THIS METHOD OF PROPULSION!
HOW COME YOU NOT AFRAID OF ME? OTHER SLAVES AFRAID OF MORRIS! OVERSEER AFRAID OF MORRIS! EVERYONE AFRAID OF MORRIS!
MY DEAR CHAP, WHY ON EARTH SHOULD I BE AFRAID?
YOU NOT THINK MORRIS... UGLY?

COMPARED TO THE ECTOSLIME, YOU'RE ALMOST HANDSOME!
THAT GOOD! MORRIS LIKE!
I'M SO GLAD. AS WE'RE TO BE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS, MORRIS, PERHAPS I SHOULD INTRODUCE MYSELF. I'M THE DOCTOR.

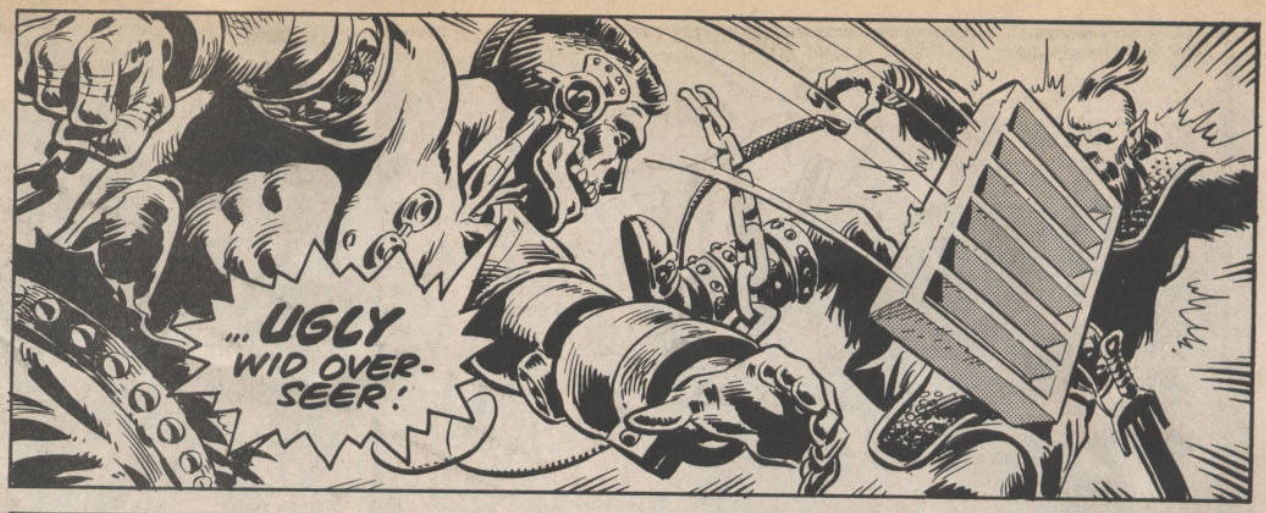
MORRIS KNOW LOT OF DOCTORS! THEY GO PATCH ME UP WHEN I TRY ESCAPE. I TRY MANY, MANY TIMES. AND EVERY TIME I TRY...
...I HURT MYSELF!


THE ROYAL FAMILY PASSED DOWN THE GANGWAY...
PUT YOUR BACKS INTO IT, SCUM! CAESAR WANTS TO FLY FASTER THAN THE EAGLES!
CAESAR'S MOTHER... THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER...

WHAT UP, DOC..?
I'M NOT SURE, MORRIS. FOR A MOMENT, I THOUGHT I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF SOMETHING... TERRIBLE! IF I'M RIGHT, THEN...

I'VE DISCOVERED THE HORRIFYING SECRET OF THE GALACTIC ROMAN EMPIRE!

THE IMPERIAL AIR-GALLEY ENTERS ... THE TEMPLE OF THE GODS!
IT'S MORE THAN A TEMPLE ...IT'S AN ALIEN SPACE-SHIP!
WHAT UP, DOC..? YOU CAN TELL MORRIS. MORRIS IS YOUR PAL!
MY MIND'S IN THREE PLACES AT ONCE, MORRIS. WE MUST ESCAPE -- WHILE THEY'RE BUSY DOCKING!
YOU BETCHA, DOC! MORRIS NOT ESCAPED FOR A COUPLE O' WEEKS!
WILL YOUR BIONIC ARM BREAK THESE CHAINS?
YEHHH! MORRIS USED TO BE GLADIATOR -- UNTIL THEY IMPRISON HIM FOR 'SOUPING-UP' HIS BIONIC ARM CIRCUITS!
WATCH!
YES, I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!
NOW MORRIS GO GET ...


...UGLY WID OVER-SEER!

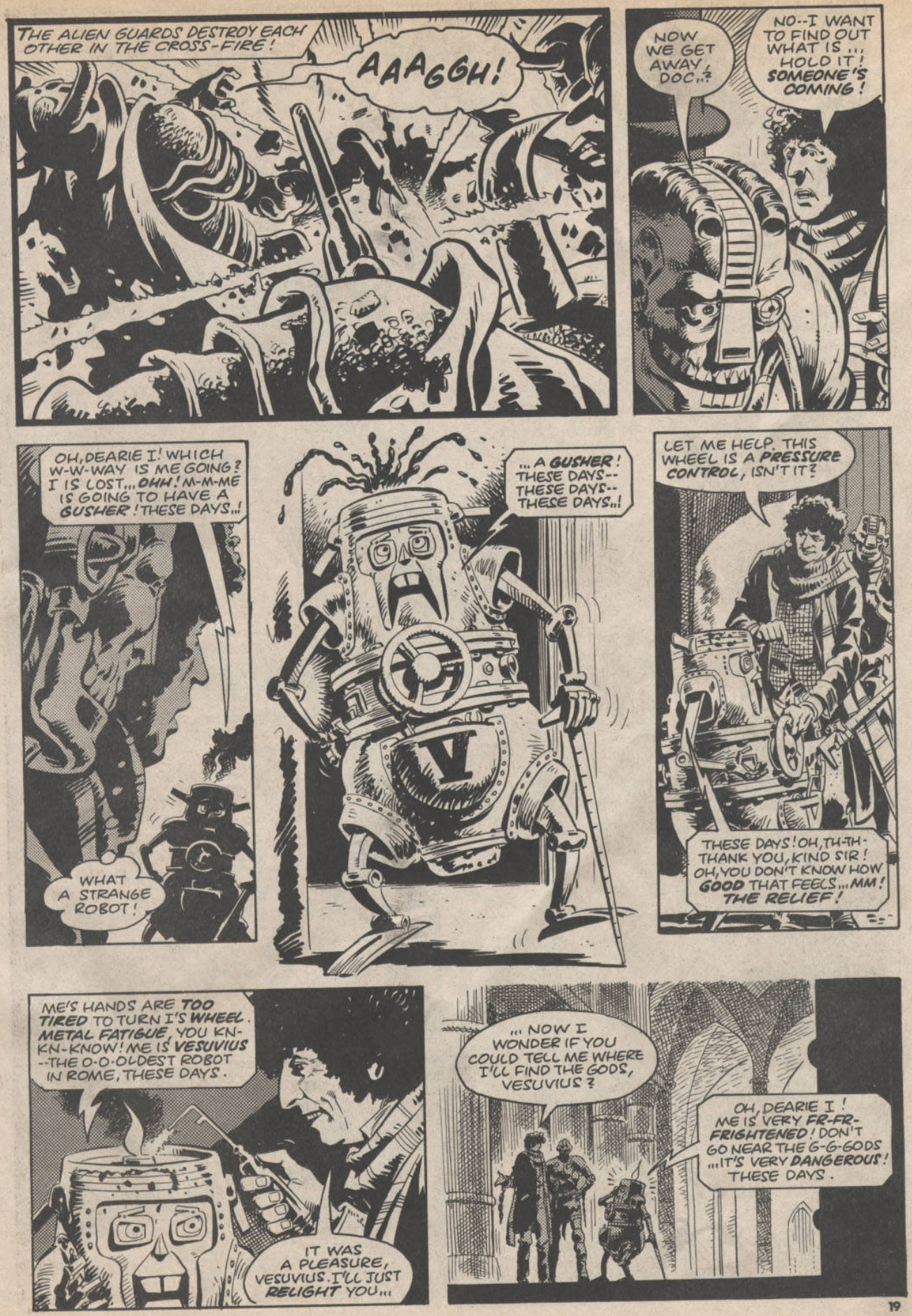
COME ON!

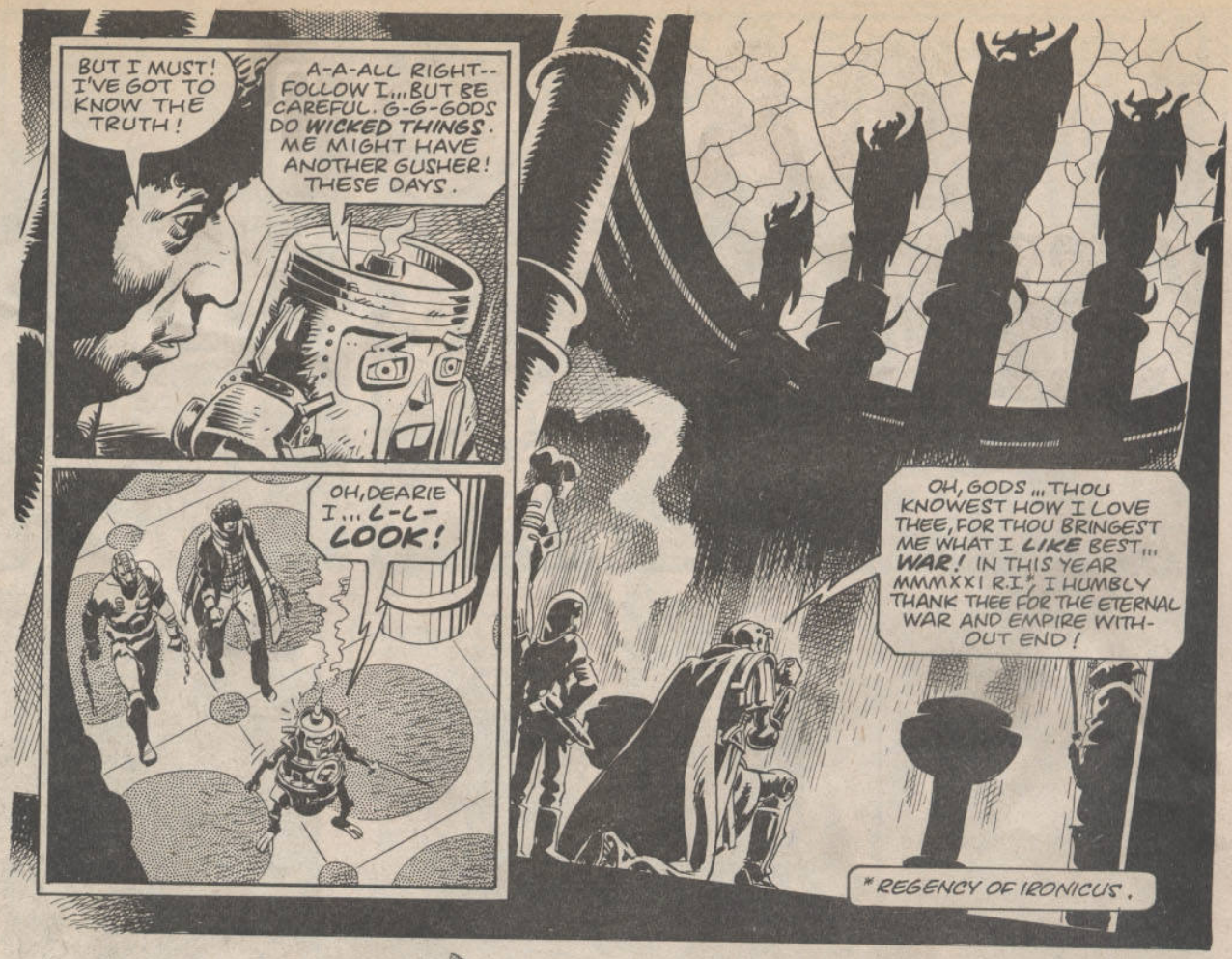
LOOK OUT, DOC...! BELOW US --THE ALIEN GUARD! PROTECTORS OF THE TEMPLE!

KEEP GOING... THEY WON'T FIRE FOR FEAR OF HITTING THE IMPERIAL AIR GALLEY!

NOW-- SHOOT...! SHOOT TO KILL!
MORE ALIEN GUARDS UP AHEAD...

DOWN!


THE ALIEN GUARDS DESTROY EACH OTHER IN THE CROSS-FIRE!
AAAGGH!
NOW WE GET AWAY, DOC..?
NO--I WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT IS ... HOLD IT! SOMEONE'S COMING!
OH, DEARIE I! WHICH W-W-WAY IS ME GOING? I IS LOST... OHH! M-M-ME IS GOING TO HAVE A GUSHER! THESE DAYS..!
WHAT A STRANGE ROBOT!
...A GUSHER! THESE DAYS-- THESE DAYS-- THESE DAYS..!
LET ME HELP. THIS WHEEL IS A PRESSURE CONTROL, ISN'T IT?
THESE DAYS! OH, TH-TH-THANK YOU, KIND SIR! OH, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD THAT FEELS... MM! THE RELIEF!
ME'S HANDS ARE TOO TIRED TO TURN I'S WHEEL. METAL FATIGUE, YOU KN-KN-KNOW! ME IS VESUVIUS --THE O-O-OLDEST ROBOT IN ROME, THESE DAYS.
IT WAS A PLEASURE, VESUVIUS. I'LL JUST RELIGHT YOU...
... NOW I WONDER IF YOU COULD TELL ME WHERE I'LL FIND THE GODS, VESUVIUS?
OH, DEARIE I! ME IS VERY FR-FR-FRIGHTENED! DON'T GO NEAR THE G-G-GODS ...IT'S VERY DANGEROUS! THESE DAYS.



Part Two on page 35

AGAINST THE GODS!

DAY OF THE DALEKS

Feature by B. Aldrich & G. Blows

EXTERMINATE! A word which was once associated with pest control, and applied to creatures no larger than rats and mice. But it suddenly took on a whole new meaning when the would-be victims became human-size, thanks to the weekly tv adventure series **Doctor Who.**

This catch-word, along with "I will obey" was one of the three main ingredients which helped to create a legend in tv monsters. . . the Daleks!

Ask a friend who the most famous movie monster is, and the reply could be Dracula, The Wolfman, The Mummy or Frankenstein's Monster. There is no outright leader.

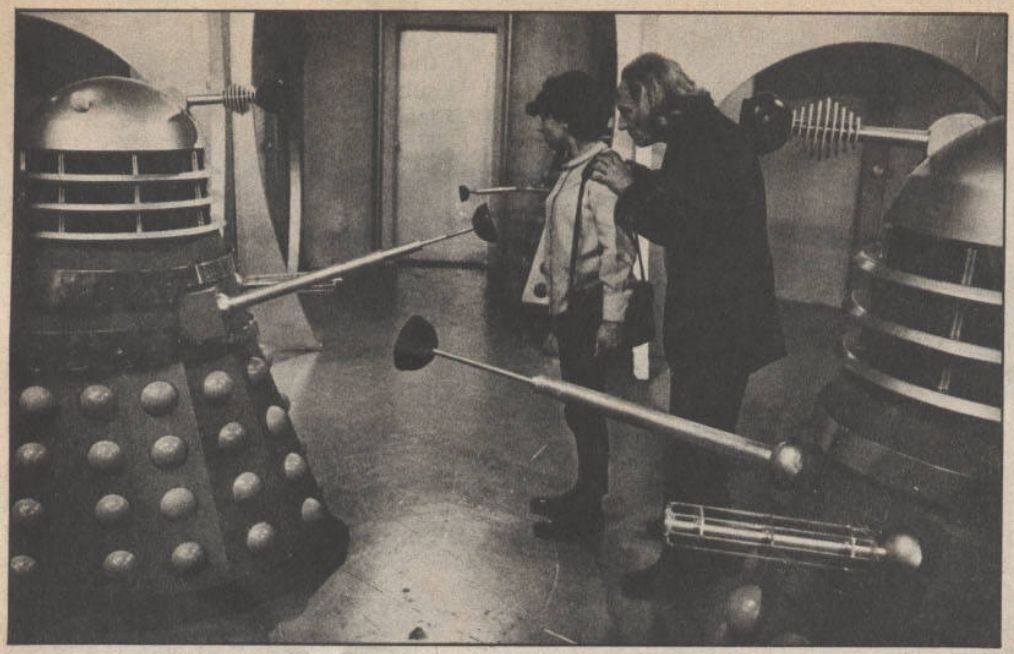
But try asking that same friend who the most famous *television* monsters are and the reply's sure to be... the Daleks!

Yet why? What – other than a flat, mechanical voice which treats all human beings as mere pests – makes the Daleks so incredibly popular?

In a recent interview for **Starburst Magazine,** Dalek creator Terry Nation stated his original concept for the creatures.

"I knew that I didn't want them to be men dressed up. That was my first personal brief. I had seen the Georgian State Dancers – the girls who wear long skirts and appear not to move – they just glide. That was the kind of image I wanted to get. I knew what the voice would sound like, because it had to be mechanical and broken down into syllables all the time."

And so, from that basic idea, Terry Nation followed the first introductory 4-part **Doctor Who**



tale with his science fiction 7-parter, "The Dead Planet".

Enter Raymond Cusick and his BBC team of designers. From Nation's brief the Daleks were formed into creatures almost guaranteed to chill. So inhuman in their appearance – with no eyes, nose or mouth, let alone arms and legs!– they immediately scored a huge hit with the programme's vast tv audience. And even then, the audience was staggering. In its first month, **Doctor Who** had shot up to becoming the BBC's biggest hit for its time-slot!

So, following the Daleks' first defeat at the hands of the Doctor and his companions, the mail was so fantastic that a re-match was inevitable.

In fact, not only one re-match was screened, but a further ten to date!

...Plus two feature film adaptations of the first two Doctor and the Daleks tv series!

Yet despite their popularity, we were to learn little about the actual beings within the "pillar-box" armour for many a year.

From the first adventure we early on discovered that the Daleks were more than mere robots. The Doctor (then acted by the late William Hartnell) and his three companions had the grisly task of literally "lifting the lid" on a Dalek to see what was inside.

We were spared the sight of the entire creature, as the first episode ended with a slimey-looking tentacle (arm?) which slithered across the screen.

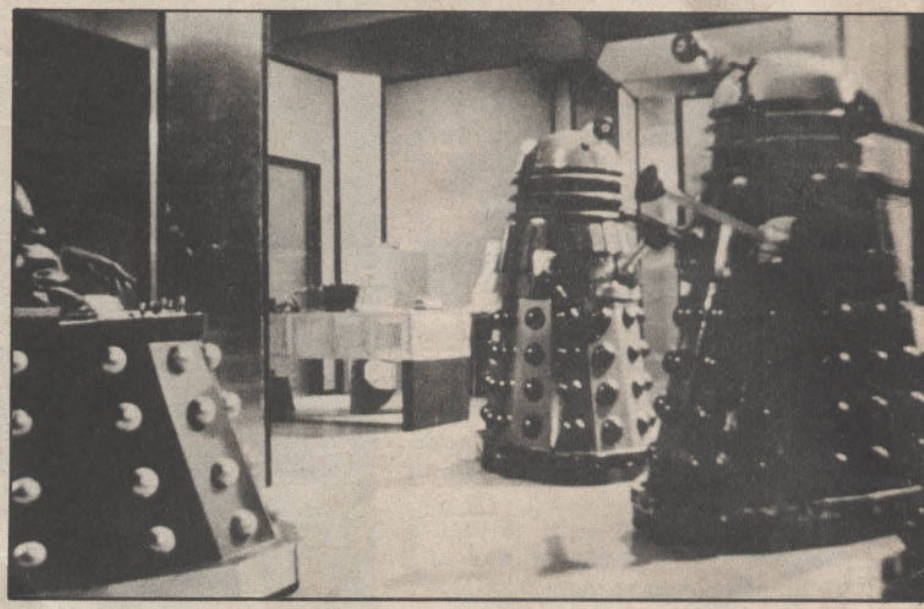
But the rest of the story revealed no more about the creatures, much to everyone's disappointment. Instead we were left hanging for a full twelve years before discovering their secret in a story aptly entitled "Genesis of the Daleks".

In this story – Terry Nation's top favourite of the many he has written – we travelled back in time to the Dalek home planet of Skaro, in the company of the fourth guise of the rejuvinated Doctor, Tom Baker.

Arriving centuries earlier than the "Dead Planet" story screened in 1963, we were introduced to Davros, a brilliant mutant scientist of the Kaled race. Confined to his cylindrical, futuristic looking wheelchair, Davros foresaw how his radiation-plagued race would finally mutate.

Modelled after his own wheelchair, he fashioned mobile armoured surrounds for his race's bodies, to allow them not only mobility as they continued to deteriorate, but also immense power. This armoured form was given the name Dalek – an anogram of the Kaled race's own.

But Davros not only wanted to model his entire people to look like himself, he thirsted for great conquests. Far more than mere survival on his planet's radiation-



emotions to the metal-cased mutants. This caused the subservient Daleks to question their leaders, the Black Daleks, and finally bring about the total collapse of the entire race.

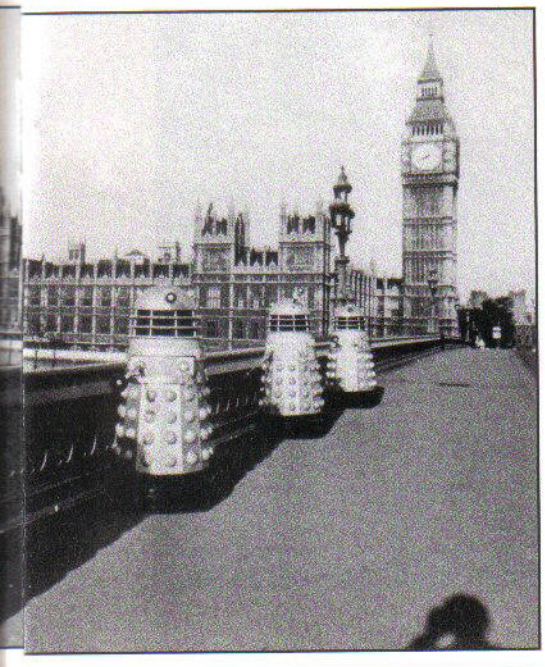
Such is the confusion of time travel that we learnt of a race's destruction before we knew of its origin!

And yet the Dalek fans were still not to be disappointed, despite having seen both the start and finish of their favourite villains. For, in a 1965 tale, the Daleks mastered the power of time travel.

Other than providing a story aptly suited to its title of "The Chase", as Doctor and Daleks sped through space and time, it extended the possibilities way beyond the Davros-origin and civil war finale.

With their merciless desire for conquest, Dalek invaders could make repeated attempts to change events, using their new technology to appear anywhere, anytime – past, present or future.

Which means we can be assured of further reappearances of the top tv monsters from the ever-caring hands of their true creator, Terry Nation.

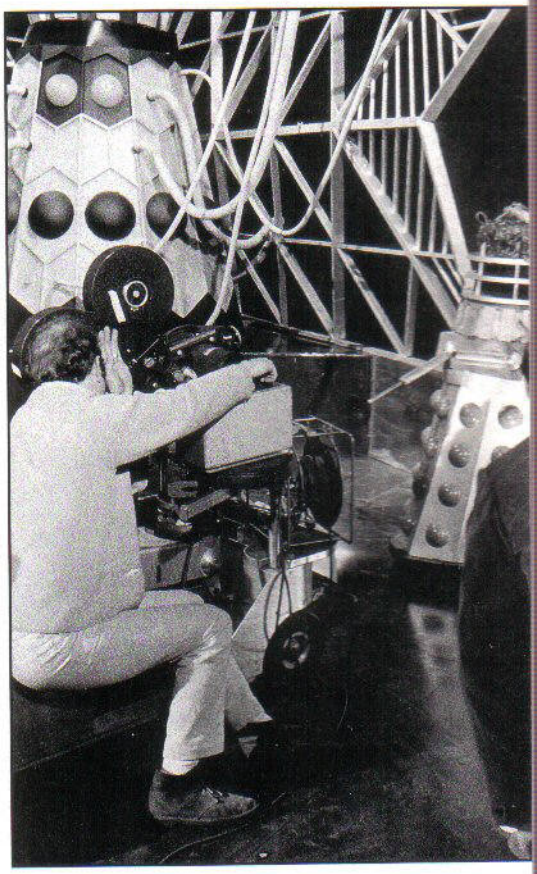


soaked surface, his aim was for the future Kaleds/Daleks to be the dominant species of the entire universe!

To this end, he not only changed their forms – but also their minds, removing their humanity and emotions which could otherwise jeopardise his ambitions.

And so we finally had our questions answered about their origin, while a few years earlier, in a 1967 broadcast, we learnt of the ultimate end of the Dalek civilisation.

In this story, entitled "Evil of the Daleks", Patrick Troughton as the Doctor created a civil war on the planet Skaro by re-introducing



DOCTOR WHO PHOTO-FILE

Entry Number One: WILLIAM HARTNELL

(TO THE MEMORY OF WHOM THIS FIRST ISSUE IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED)

BORN: 1908 (Died: April 22, 1975)
ROLE: The first Doctor.
YEARS: 1963 to 1966
OTHER MAJOR TV ROLE: Sergeant-Major Bullimore in **The Army Game.**
FIRST FILM APPEARANCE: 1926
MAJOR FILM APPEARANCES: **Brighton Rock (I946), The Way Ahead (1944), Odd Man Out (1947) and Pickwick Papers (1953).**
MAJOR STAGE APPEARANCE: **Seagulls over Sorrento** (Apollo Theatre, 1950).

SPECIAL MENTION: When William Hartnell took the tv role for Doctor Who, it was widely expected, within the BBC, that the series would only last one season, but Hartnell was convinced they were wrong. It is now in its sixteenth year.

Unfortunately, William Hartnell was forced by ill-health to retire from the **Dr Who** series in 1966. He guest-starred, however, in the special tenth aniversary programme "The Three Doctors" in 1973. Sadly this was to be his final acting performance.

William Hartnell's favourite role, in his long and highly successful acting career, was as Doctor Who. His brilliant portrayal of the enigmatic Doctor quickly attracted an audience of over nine million fans of all ages to the series. Today's massive following will appreciate the debt owed to this much-loved first star of the **Dr Who** series.

cut out and collect the entire series

DOCTOR WHO PHOTO-FILE

Entry Number Two :- PATRICK TROUGHTON

BORN: March 25th, 1920.
ROLE: The second Doctor.
YEARS: November 1966 to June 1969.
OTHER MAJOR TV ROLES: Since **Doctor Who,** he has appeared in over 20 major series, including **Wives of Henry VIII(1970), The Persuaders ('71), Jenny ('74), The Survivors ('76), Space 1999('76)** both series of **The Feathered Serpent, The Sweeney ('77)** and **Treasure Island ('78).**
MAJOR FILM ROLES: **Scars of Dracula (1970), Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger ('75), Omen('75)**

SPECIAL MENTION: Throughout his entire career, Patrick Troughton has preferred (and perfected) the technique of character acting, whereby the audience watches the role being played, rather than the actor playing it. Nowhere was this more noticeable than in his portrayal of The Doctor, when he succeeded William Hartnell.

Although basically a shy man, he injected into the part of The Doctor facets ranging from Charlie Chaplin style comedy to Magnus Pike science.

Despite his role as The Doctor being one of Patrick Troughton's best performances, he is the only Doctor who has never appeared in public to sign books, open events and publicise his role. His personality, like the character he played, remains a mystery.

CUT OUT AND COLLECT THE WHOLE SET

DOCTOR WHO PHOTO-FILE

Entry Number Three:- JON PERTWEE

BORN: July 7, 1919.
ROLE: The third Doctor.
YEARS: January 1970 to May 1974.
FIRST FILM APPEARANCE: 1938.
MAJOR FILM APPEARANCES: **Carry On Cleo, Carry on Cowboy, Carry on Screaming, The House that Dripped Blood, You Must Be Joking, One of our Dinosaurs is Missing.**
FIRST TV APPEARANCE: 1946.
MAJOR TV APPEARANCES: **Whodunnit(hosting), Jackanory, The Goodies, Wurzel Gummidge.**

SPECIAL MENTION: During the 1930s Jon Pertwee established himself as a comedy actor, building fame and popularity around his talent for dialects and "funny voices".

During a recording of **The Navy Lark** for BBC Radio, a fellow actor read out a newspaper account of Patrick Troughton's decision to leave **Doctor Who.** Jokingly, the actor suggested Jon should apply for the role. The **Doctor Who** producer was stunned to hear from Jon, he already had his name on a list of 'possibles'!

Jon Pertwee's portrayal of the Doctor switched the emphasis strongly over to that of a dashing hero figure, and with his love of gadgetry he added a new dimension to the character, making him totally his own.

Jon also brought **Doctor Who** out to the public, by appearing at fetes and carnivals in his tv garb, complete with either the "Bessie" roadster, or the futuristic "Whomobile" — a combination of hovercraft and flying saucer!

Cut and collect the entire series

DOCTOR WHO PHOTO-FILE

Entry Number Four:~ TOM BAKER

ROLE: The fourth Doctor.
YEARS: 1974 to present.
MAJOR FILM APPEARANCES: **Nicholas and Alexandra (1971), Canterbury Tales (1972), Luther (1973), Vault of Horror (1973), The Mutations (1974), Golden Voyage of Sinbad (1975).**
MAJOR STAGE APPEARANCES: **Merchant of Venice. The Idiot, A Woman Killed with Kindness, The Rules of the Game.**

SPECIAL MENTION: At the age of forty Tom Baker became the youngest actor to play the Doctor when he was chosen to suceed Jon Pertwee in 1974.

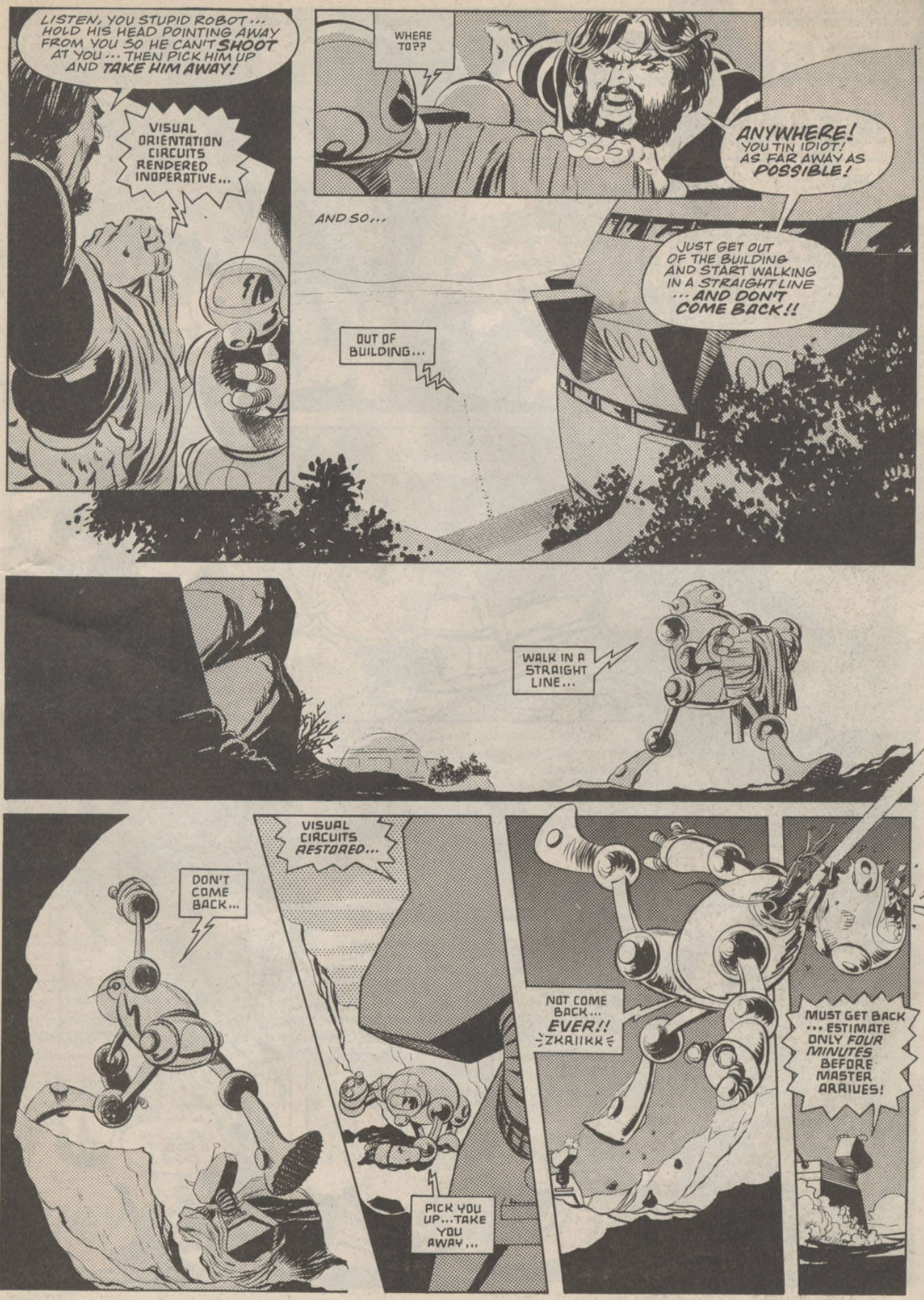
His background was as strange as the part he came to play. Coming from a devout Catholic family in Liverpool he spent six years from the age of fifteen in a monastery on the Channel Islands before being drafted into the army for National Service, an experience he claims he survived through feigning idiocy.

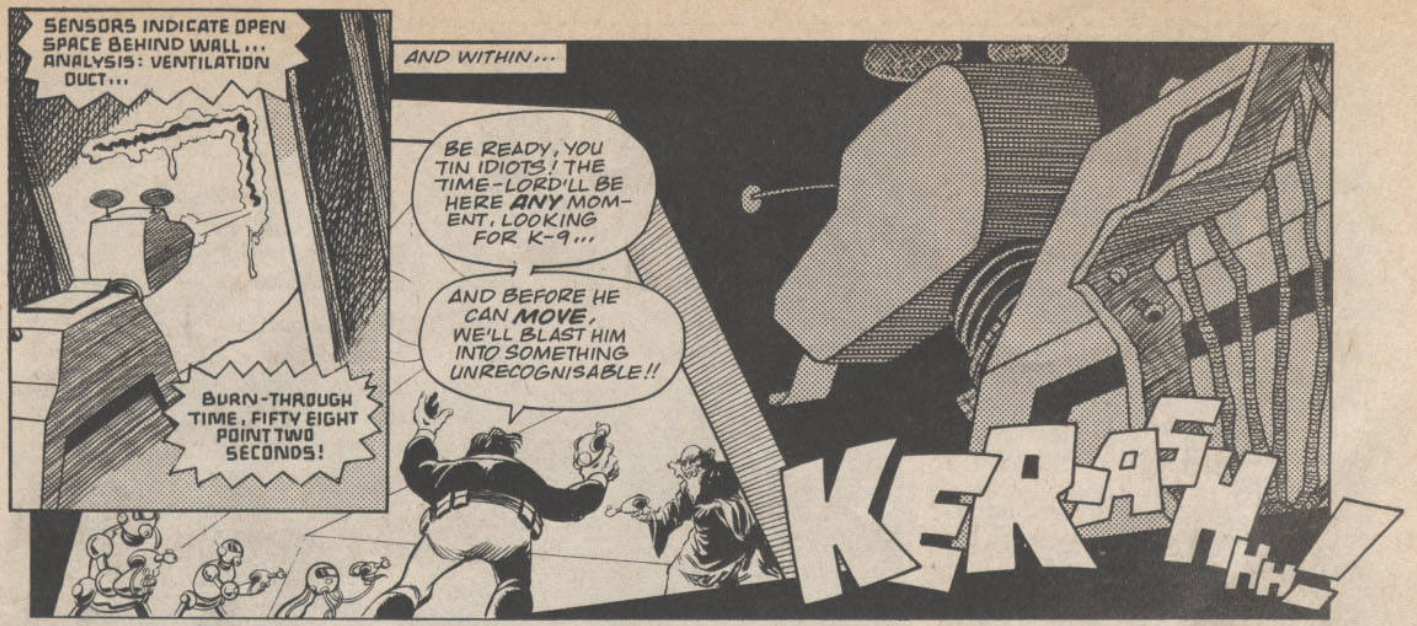
He was thus totally suited to producer Philip Hinchcliffe's idea—"to get back some of the eccentricity of the earlier character". With his floppy hat and seventeen foot scarf the new Doctor became a hugely popular success.

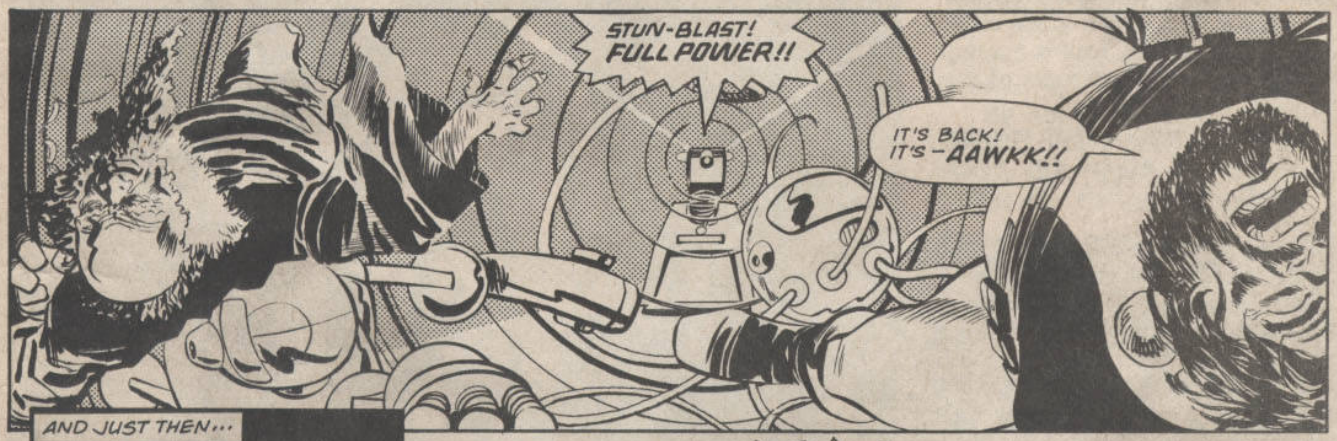
Although long-term followers may see Tom as the newcomer, he has now, in fact, played the Doctor for longer than any of his predecessors.

K-9'S FINEST HOUR
SOME OF YOU HAVE BEEN WONDERING WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY LITTLE FRIEND, K-9 ... SO HERE, JUST FOR YOU...
IT ALL BEGAN WHEN WE WERE TRAVELLING THROUGH THE CRAB NEBULA... NOT FAR FROM THE PLANET YAMADO...
HELLO? WHAT'S THIS? SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO GIVE US A BIT OF A SHAKING UP!
MASTER! A GRAVITRONIC TRACTOR BEAM!
SCRIPT: STEVE MOORE ART: PAUL NEARY
AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW, POOR OLD K-9 WAS DISAPPEARING, RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES...
ONLY TO RE-APPEAR A FEW MOMENTS LATER, ON THE SURFACE OF YAMADO...
BEAM... BEAM... BEAM... BEAM...
K-9?
MASTER?
YOU MINDLESS IDIOT MACHINES! I WANTED THE DOCTOR--- NOT HIS DOG!
CAN'T YOU EVEN CALIBRATE A TRACTOR-BEAM PROPERLY?
GET THE DOG OUT OF THE RECEPTION CYLINDER-- YOU MECHANICAL MORON!
FIRANDEL! YOU TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS-- AS SOON AS THE CYLINDER'S CLEAR, WE'LL TRY AGAIN FOR THE DOCTOR---
BUT...
TOO LATE, ROLGOF-- THE TARDIS HAS ALREADY MOVED OUT OF RANGE!
BY ALL THE DEMONS OF..! DOESN'T ANYTHING EVER GO RIGHT? THE SONTARANS WON'T PAY IF WE--
CALM YOURSELF, ROLGOF-- IF WE HAVE K-9, THE TIME-LORD WILL RETURN IN SEARCH OF HIM--AND WE CAN BE READY FOR HIM! BUT WE MUST BE VERY CAREFUL---
REMEMBER, ROLGOF-- BEWARE OF THE DOG!

AND SO...
K-9! WE WON'T HARM YOU!
WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME HERE?
UURGH!
IT'S A MISTAKE!
WE WERE TRYING TO CONTACT THE DOCTOR--WE NEED HIS HELP VERY BADLY---
YOU ARE NOT TELLING THE TRUTH!
WHAT?! YOU'RE ONLY A BLASTED MECHANICAL DOG... AND YOU'RE ARGUING WITH ME?
CALM YOURSELF, ROLGOF...
YOU WERE ATTEMPTING TO KILL THE MASTER!
HE'S FOUND OUT... BUT HOW?
TOO LATE FOR THAT! ROBOTS! CAPTURE K-9!!
BUT...
BRAIN DISFUNCTION ... ZSSSK...
BAH! KEEP BACK! I'LL DO IT MYSELF!


LISTEN, YOU STUPID ROBOT... HOLD HIS HEAD POINTING AWAY FROM YOU SO HE CAN'T SHOOT AT YOU... THEN PICK HIM UP AND TAKE HIM AWAY!
VISUAL ORIENTATION CIRCUITS RENDERED INOPERATIVE...
WHERE TO??
ANYWHERE! YOU TIN IDIOT! AS FAR AWAY AS POSSIBLE!
AND SO...
JUST GET OUT OF THE BUILDING AND START WALKING IN A STRAIGHT LINE ...AND DON'T COME BACK!!
OUT OF BUILDING...
WALK IN A STRAIGHT LINE...
DON'T COME BACK...
VISUAL CIRCUITS RESTORED...
PICK YOU UP...TAKE YOU AWAY...
NOT COME BACK... EVER!! ZKRIIKK
MUST GET BACK ... ESTIMATE ONLY FOUR MINUTES BEFORE MASTER ARRIVES!


SENSORS INDICATE OPEN SPACE BEHIND WALL... ANALYSIS: VENTILATION DUCT...
BURN-THROUGH TIME, FIFTY EIGHT POINT TWO SECONDS!
AND WITHIN...
BE READY, YOU TIN IDIOTS! THE TIME-LORD'LL BE HERE ANY MOMENT, LOOKING FOR K-9...
AND BEFORE HE CAN MOVE, WE'LL BLAST HIM INTO SOMETHING UNRECOGNISABLE!!
KER-ASHH-!


STUN-BLAST! FULL POWER!!
IT'S BACK! IT'S -AAWKK!!

AND JUST THEN...
HELLO, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
MASTER?
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO, K-9?
THEY WERE GOING TO KILL YOU, MASTER!
REALLY? AND HOWEVER DID YOU FIND THAT OUT, K-9?
THERE WAS NO AIR IN THE TRANSPORTATION CYLINDER WHEN I ARRIVED, MASTER! IF YOU HAD ARRIVED INSTEAD OF ME... SUFFOCATION!
GOOD HEAVENS! THAT'S POSITIVELY WICKED ISN'T IT, K-9? I THINK WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!
YES, MASTER! ROLGOF WILL NOT BE PLEASED TO KNOW HE HAS BEEN DEFEATED BY A ROBOT!
LET ALONE A ROBOT-DOG!

The End.

Continuing our look at the many monsters of *Doctor Who*, and following on from last week's *Dalek* feature, we now present Gordon Blows' view of...

The Cybermen

The Cybermen! Their very name strikes terror into the hearts of the beings of the Solar System.

Giant and silver, these human-shaped creatures each possess the strength of ten normal men.

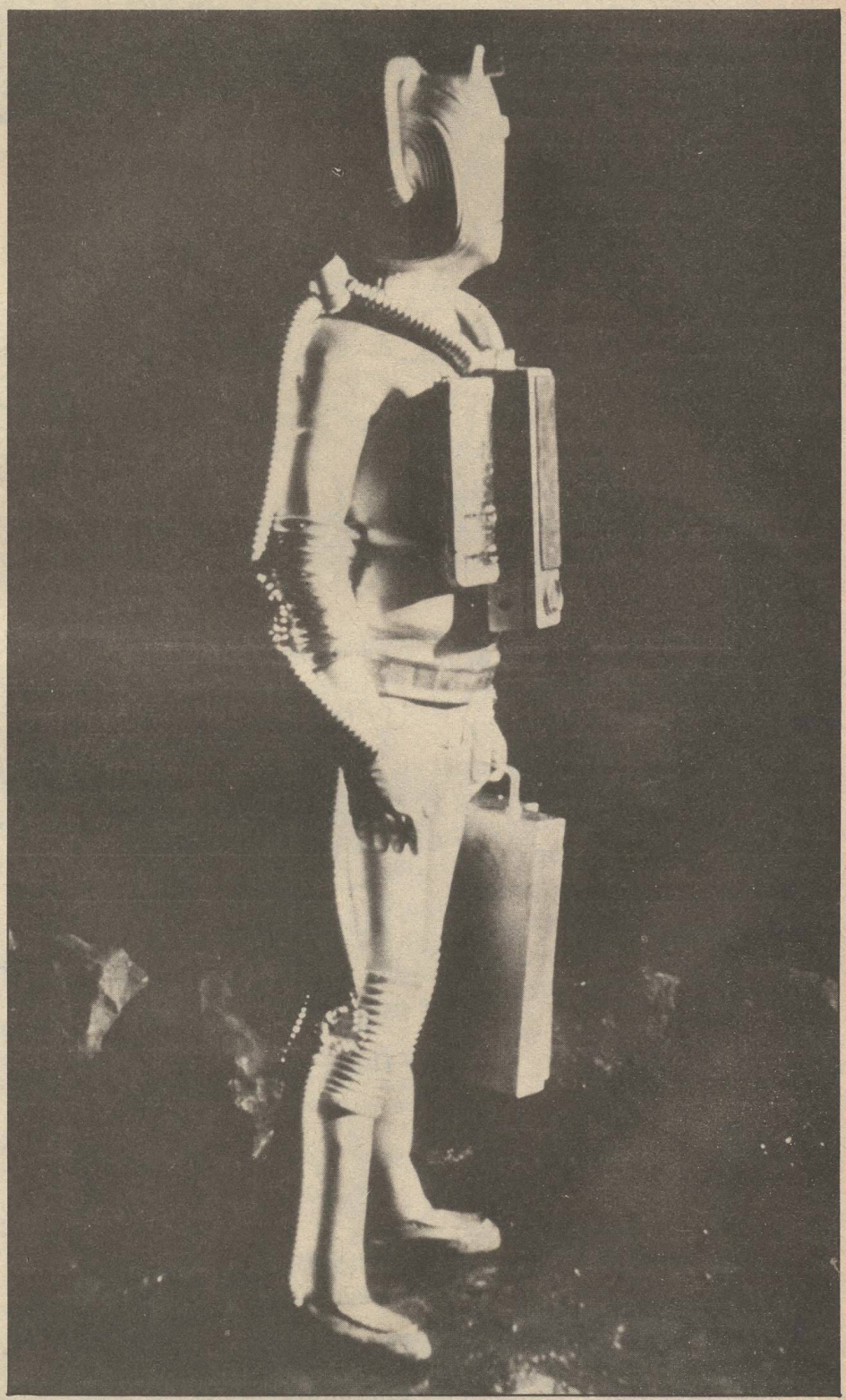
At their fingertips are the resources of an age-old technology — a science for which their cold, logical purpose has found a use... in their attempted conquest of the universe!

However, without that science, the Cybermen would not exist. For once they, like us, were human.

The original inhabitants of the distant planet Telos, they were brilliant logicians. But, as years passed into centuries, these Telosians became aware that their race was getting weaker, and their life-span becoming shorter. So, the experiments began!

As their bodies became old and diseased, small parts — later entire limbs — were replaced with robotics, mechanical apparatus which would resemble the old flesh and blood parts. Generations later, it was normal for *everyone* to have robotic limbs. When the time arrived that the Telosians were more mechanical than human, any attempt to make the robot-parts look human was forgotten. Animals were experimented on, and it was found possible to replace living organisms entirely. These fully mechanical pets were to prove useful allies when their masters turned to conquest, and they became known as Cybermats, deadly, poison-inflicting servants of the Cybermen, resembling silver rats.

Perhaps the fact that they were 80% robot affected their minds and altered their purpose, for now the natives of Telos decided that they could become finer logicians by wiping out certain weaknesses



A behind-the-scenes shot during a rehersal for the 1968 Doctor Who "Invasion" story

from their brains. These weaknesses were their emotions. And so they became truly logical, but paid a high price. With no feelings, no love, anger, hate or fear, there had to be something else. Some reason for their very existence. The substitute purpose became the pursuit of. . .*power!*

As the already total rulers of Telos, their unblinking eyes turned elsewhere for conquest. . . to space.

Earth's twin planet, the roving world of Mondas strayed into the system of Telos, the sector of space ruled by the Cybermen.

By this time, the robotic race had begun experimenting with short-range space flight, and an invasion of the blue, Earth-like world of Mondas began.

The human inhabitants of Mondas were quickly overpowered and many of them were converted into Cybermen.

But too late the invaders began to realise that Mondas was continuing on its journey, and they found themselves trapped on its alien shore, their short-distance space craft useless for any attempt to return to Telos.

The remaining Cybermen of Telos watched their brothers carried off into distant space, unable to follow.

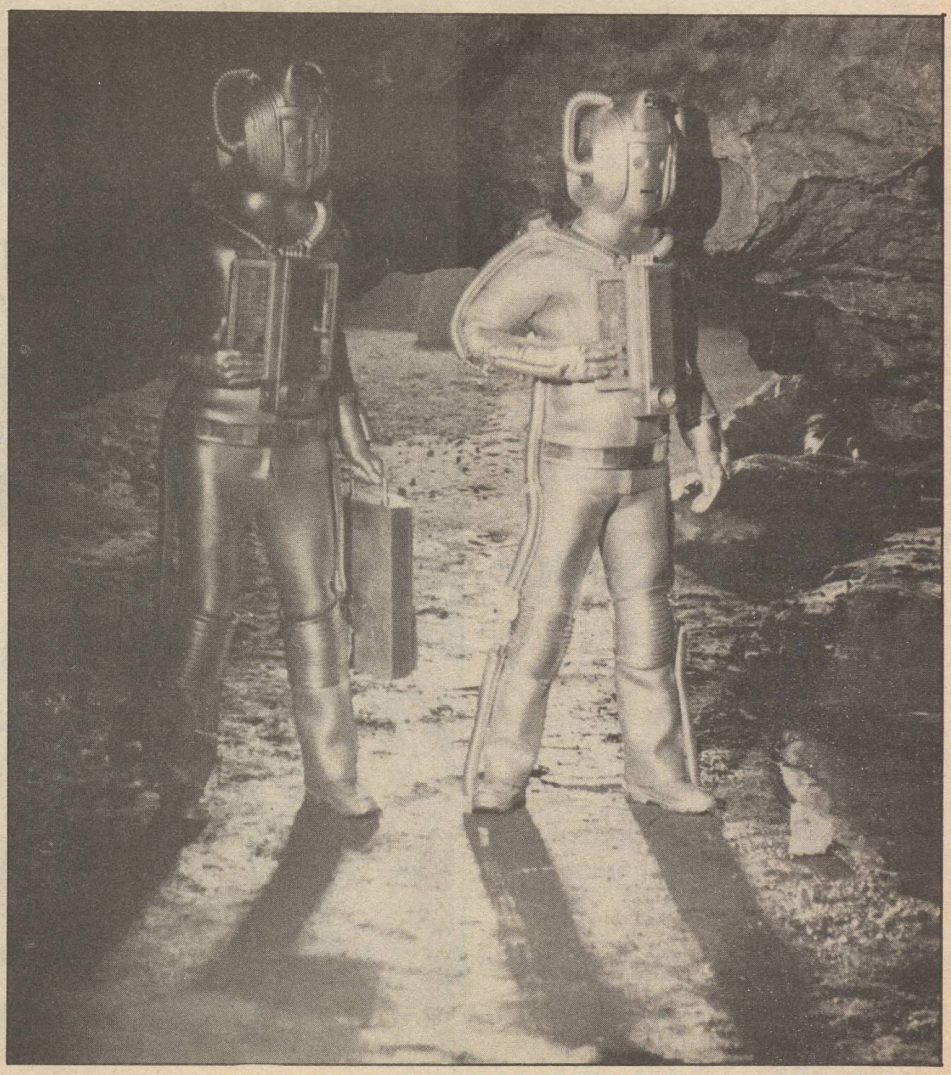
Target:- Earth

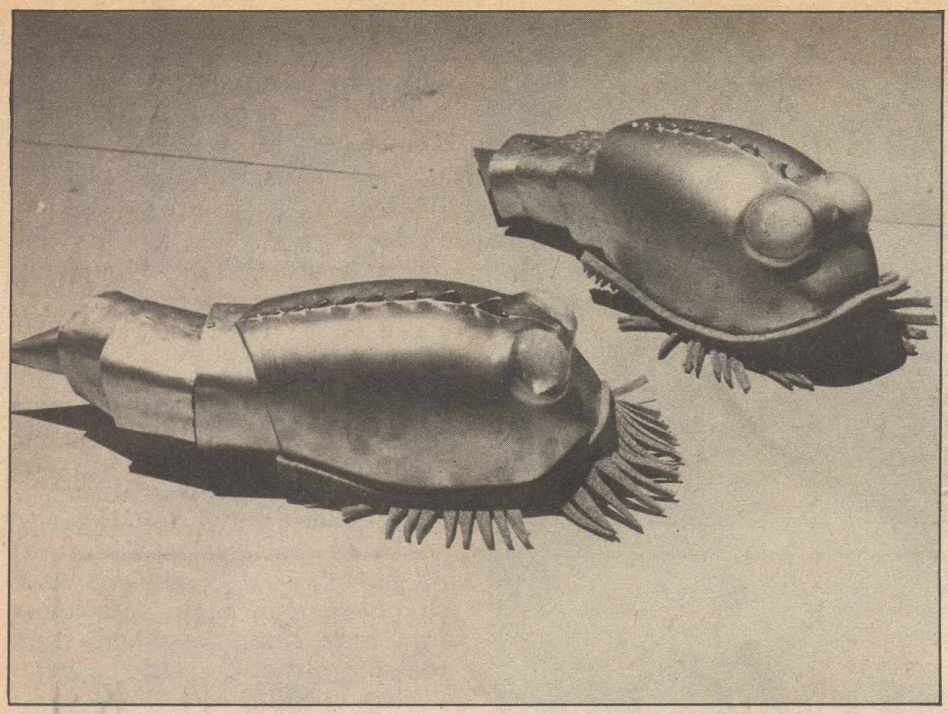
Many generations later, the Cybermen conquered the galactic boundaries venturing into hyper-space travel (the science of journeying great distances in space by a time/space corridor similar to that which the TARDIS itself travels through). Through this, the Cybermen came across twentieth century Earth.

With the help of a human — Tobias Vaughn — the Cybermen were able to strike suddenly, pouring from the sewers of London upon the human race, who were already under a brain-wave attack. Vaughn — partially Cybernetic himself — was convinced finally by the Doctor (Patrick Troughton) that once the Cybermen had succeeded, there would be no place for him. He then joined forces with the Doctor and the armed might of UNIT against the silver invaders.

It was the long-lost Cybermen of the planet Mondas who next stumbled upon Earth as a target for their purpose when their roaming planet entered the Solar System in 1980.

By then, Mondas was a dying world, and the Cybermen — who were dependent on the rapidly depleting life-force of the planet —





Above: Two of the Cybermen's deadly pets — Cybermats. Below right: From the "Tomb of the Cybermen" story, the emotionless aliens emerge.

intended to drain Earth to save themselves.

With the help of his companions, The Doctor tricked the Cybermen, and the planet Mondas disintegrated.

Their life-force cut off, the Cybermen dissolved — leaving only their mechanical limbs as evidence of ever having existed.

Obsessed now with the destruction of the entire human race, the Cybermen of Telos made further invasion attempts.

Once they invaded Earth's moon, and another time on an Earth satellite, 'The Wheel', where the Cybermats were also used in great force.

Vikings of Space

We have since learned that in time the Cybermen were forced to leave their home planet of Telos (though the full details of this event have yet to be screened on tv). Inhabitants of the black void between the stars, they became the Vikings of Space, not needing air, and being immune to extreme heat and cold, raiding all and sundry.

Their only weak spot, as discovered in the the great Cyberwars, was their chest units. Humans found that these could be choked with gold-dust, thus terminating all the vital systems of a Cyberman.

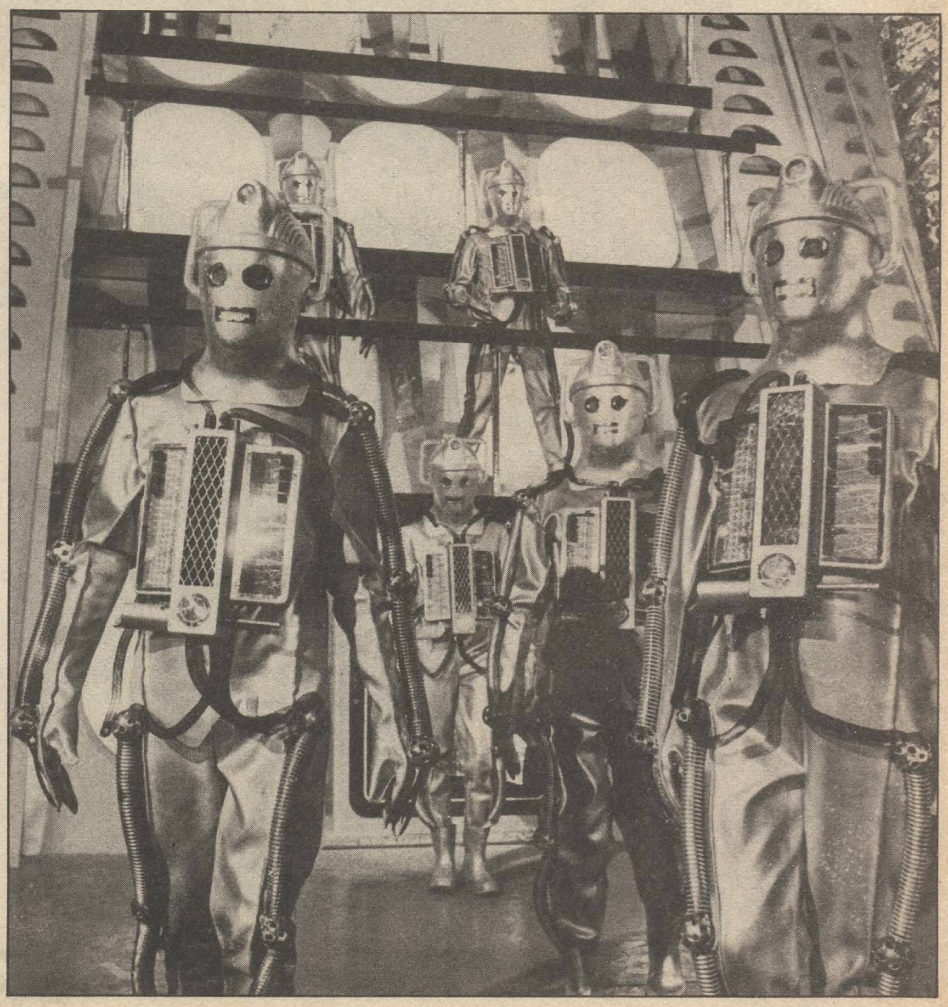
Finally defeated, a small army of Cybermen — the last known remnants — were intent on re-establishing their race. Eaten with an unusual desire of revenge, they made an all-out attempt to destroy the source of their own downfall, the planet of gold, Voga.

The Doctor (portrayed this time by Tom Baker) helped stop them, and the Cybermen were defeated yet again.

So we are left to believe that these warriors are finally extinguished. . .or are they?

One story told us of the Doctor visiting their home planet of Telos in the far-distant future and discovering the Tombs of the Cybermen. Rather than being destroyed, these tombs still exist, and the Cybermen sleep on with their deadly rat-like silver servants, their blank mask-like faces waiting for the cold light of Telos to once more give power to their machinery and minds.

They are destined to terrify the universe again!



AND THE IRON LEGION

BOOK TWO: AGAINST THE GODS!

THE DOCTOR HAS DISCOVERED AN ALTERNATIVE EARTH WHERE ROME NEVER FELL BUT WENT ON TO CONQUER THE GALAXY. NOW THE DOCTOR FINDS HIMSELF IN THE TEMPLE OF THE GODS--AN ALIEN SPACE-SHIP--AND REALISES ...THE HORRIBLE TRUTH ABOUT THE EMPIRE OF THE CAESARS!

GENERAL IRONICUS, ROBOT LEADER. HIS IRON LEGIONS HAVE CONQUERED THE GALAXY.

THE SPOILT EMPEROR ADOLPHUS AND HIS MOTHER, JUNO...THE DOCTOR SUSPECTS HER OF BEING ONE OF THE ALIENS.

MORRIS, EX-GALLEY SLAVE AND GLADIATOR ...WITH VESUVIUS, THE OLDEST ROBOT IN ROME--THE DOCTOR'S COMRADES.

THE MALEVILUS! MOST TERRIBLE OF ALIEN RACES...THEY ARE THE GODS OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE!

OH GODS...NOW THAT ROME HAS GONE ON TO CONQUER ALL DIMENSIONS, I OFFER YOU THESE HUMANS ...THE FIRST FRUITS OF VICTORY!

WRITERS=MILLS+WAGNER / ARTIST=DAVE GIBBONS / EDITOR=DEZ SKINN

COME, ADOLPHUS--WE MUST GO. FOR THOSE WHO ARE NOT INITIATED, THE SIGHT OF THE GODS FEASTING MAY BE A LITTLE DISTURBING
AWW, MATER!
THE FIRST PRISONERS FROM OTHER DIMENSIONS --THEY'RE GOING TO BE OFFERED IN THANKSGIVING TO THE GODS!
MORRIS NOT UNDERSTAND, DOC...WHO ARE THESE GODS?
HIDEOUS FORMS OF ANTI-LIFE! THE MALEVILUS FEED OFF DEATH!
RARE AND SUCCULENT DISHES! THIS SACRIFICE IS PLEASING TO US, IRONICUS!
THERE ARE FIVE...BABIYON...! ABISS...! EPOK...! NEKROS...! AND THE MOST FOUL OF ALL... MAGOG!
NOOOO! PLEASE!
THE MALEVILUS MUST HAVE CHOSEN ROME BECAUSE IT WAS SUCH A WAR-LIKE NATION...THEN THEY GAVE IT THE TECHNOLOGY TO EXPAND...MOULDING EVERY CONQUEST FOR THEIR OWN EVIL ENDS...!
AAAAHH!

SOON EVERYTHING IN CREATION WILL BE IN THEIR GRASP --UNLESS WE CAN STOP THEM!
OH, DEARIE I! YES INDEED! ME SHOULD KN-KN-KNOW! ME KNOWS THE GODS' SECRET THESE DAYS!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, VESUVIUS? WHAT IS THE GODS' SECRET?
YOU'LL NEVER FIND OUT! BACK AGAINST THAT PILLAR, BOTH OF YOU!

THE OLD HISTORIAN ROBOT, VESUVIUS! YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN DEALT WITH CENTURIES AGO, BUT I CAN RECTIFY THAT--A QUICK SLUG FROM THE BACT-GUN...
OH, DEARIE I! NO! IT FIRES A M-M-METAL EATING VIRUS...

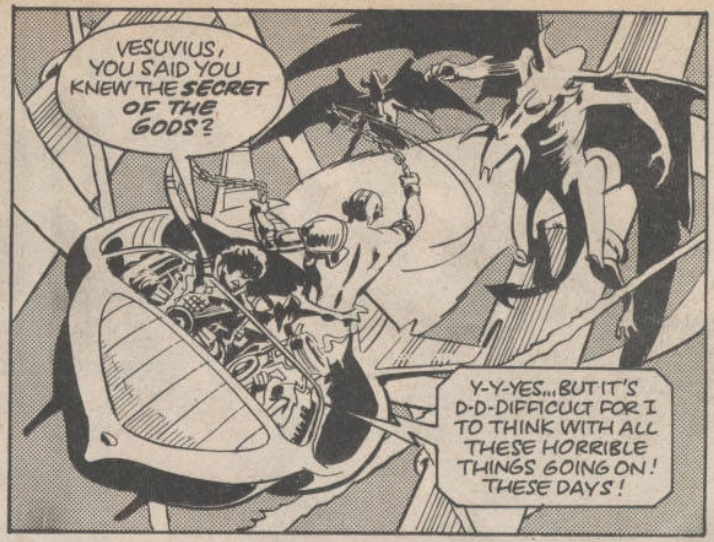
... AND YOU'LL RUST CLEAN AWUUUUGH!
MORRIS GET UGLY WID YOU!

THE ESCAPED GALLEY SLAVES ... DESTROY THEM!

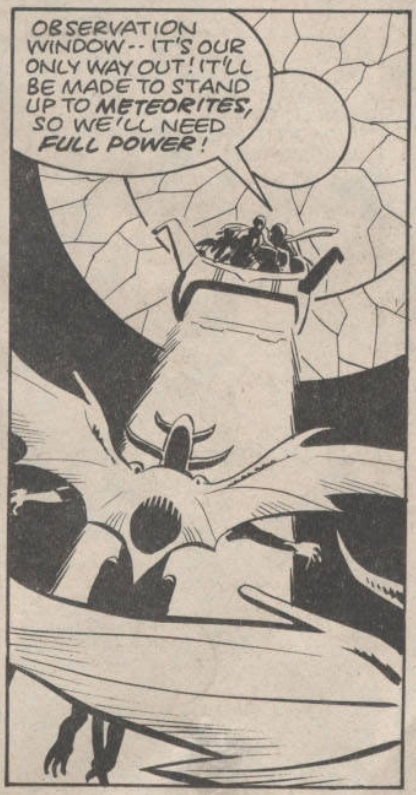
DON'T BE IN SUCH A HURRY, IRONICUS... I BELIEVE YOU KNOW WHAT THIS DEVICE IS... AND WHAT IT'LL GIVE A ROBOT LIKE YOU...

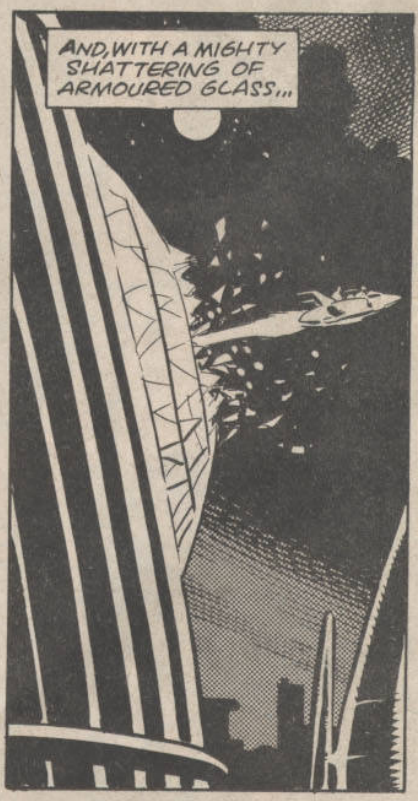
...ANTS IN YOUR PANTS!

WHAT DO WE CARE IF IRONICUS RUSTS TO DEATH, MAGOG? LET US FEED ON THE INSOLENT INTRUDERS!
YOUR BLOODLUST DOES YOU CREDIT, BABIYON, BUT CLOUDS YOUR JUDGEMENT! IRONICUS IS STILL USEFUL TO US... HE MUST DO AS THE INTRUDER SAYS...
YOU HEARD THE GODS--SHOW US THE WAY OUT, PARROT FACE!
HOW DARE YOU? MY HEAD IS DESIGNED LIKE THE IMPERIAL EAGLE OF ROME!
OH, COME ON, IRONICUS--IT'S A PARROT! AND THAT'S ALL YOU ARE--A PARROT, MIMICKING YOUR MASTER'S VOICE... NOW, KEEP MOVING!
IN THE VEHICLE BAY, AN ATMOSPHERE CRAFT WAS MADE READY, AND--
L-L-LOOK OUT, DOCTOR!
DIE!
WITH A SUDDEN LURCH, THE AIR-CAR LIFTED OFF...
SEAL THE DOORS! THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE!
HOLD ON-- WE'LL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER WAY OUT!
PRETTY POLLY! PRETTY POLLY! HURRR!

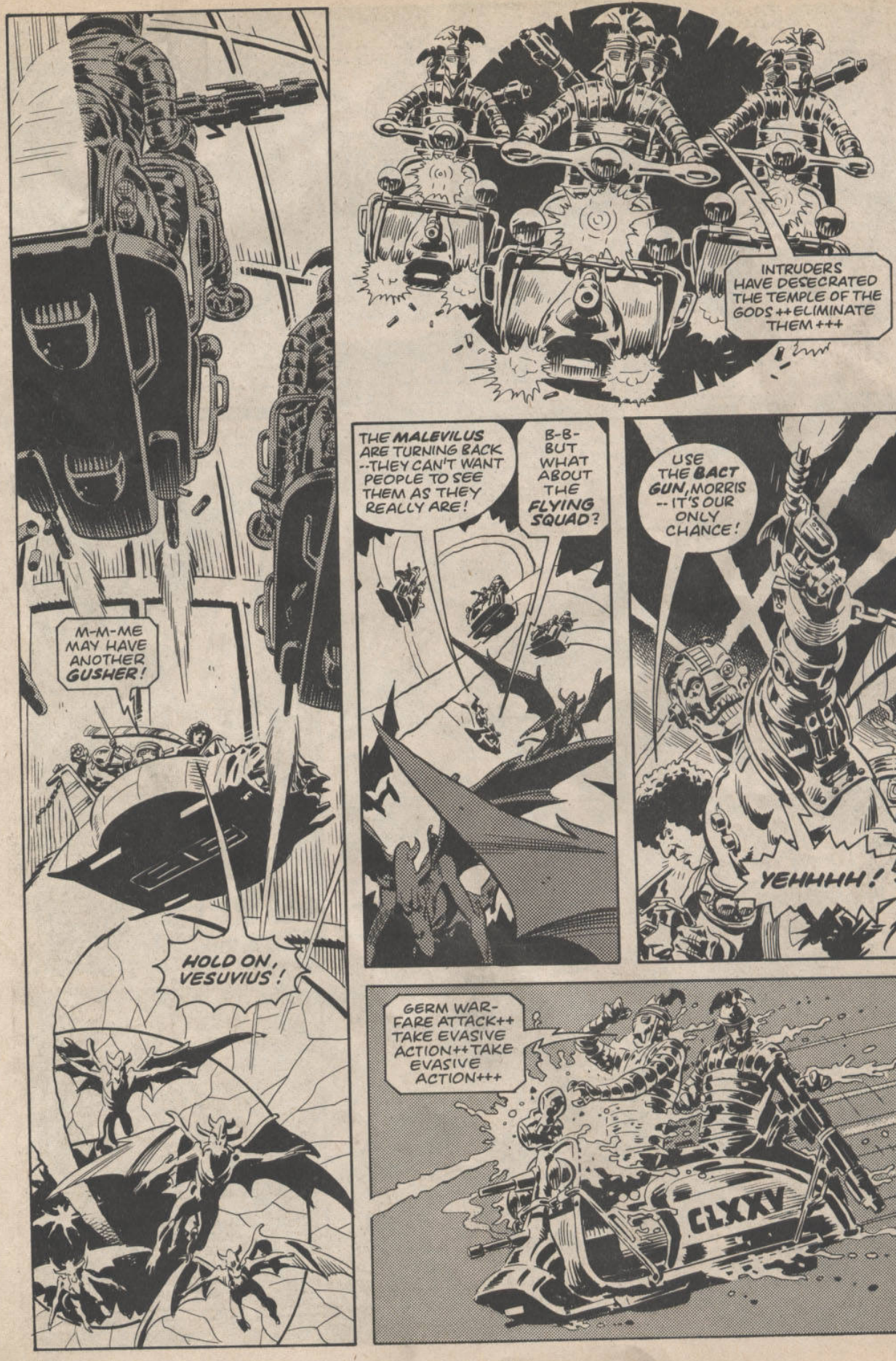

VESUVIUS, YOU SAID YOU KNEW THE SECRET OF THE GODS?
Y-Y-YES... BUT IT'S D-D-DIFFICULT FOR I TO THINK WITH ALL THESE HORRIBLE THINGS GOING ON! THESE DAYS!

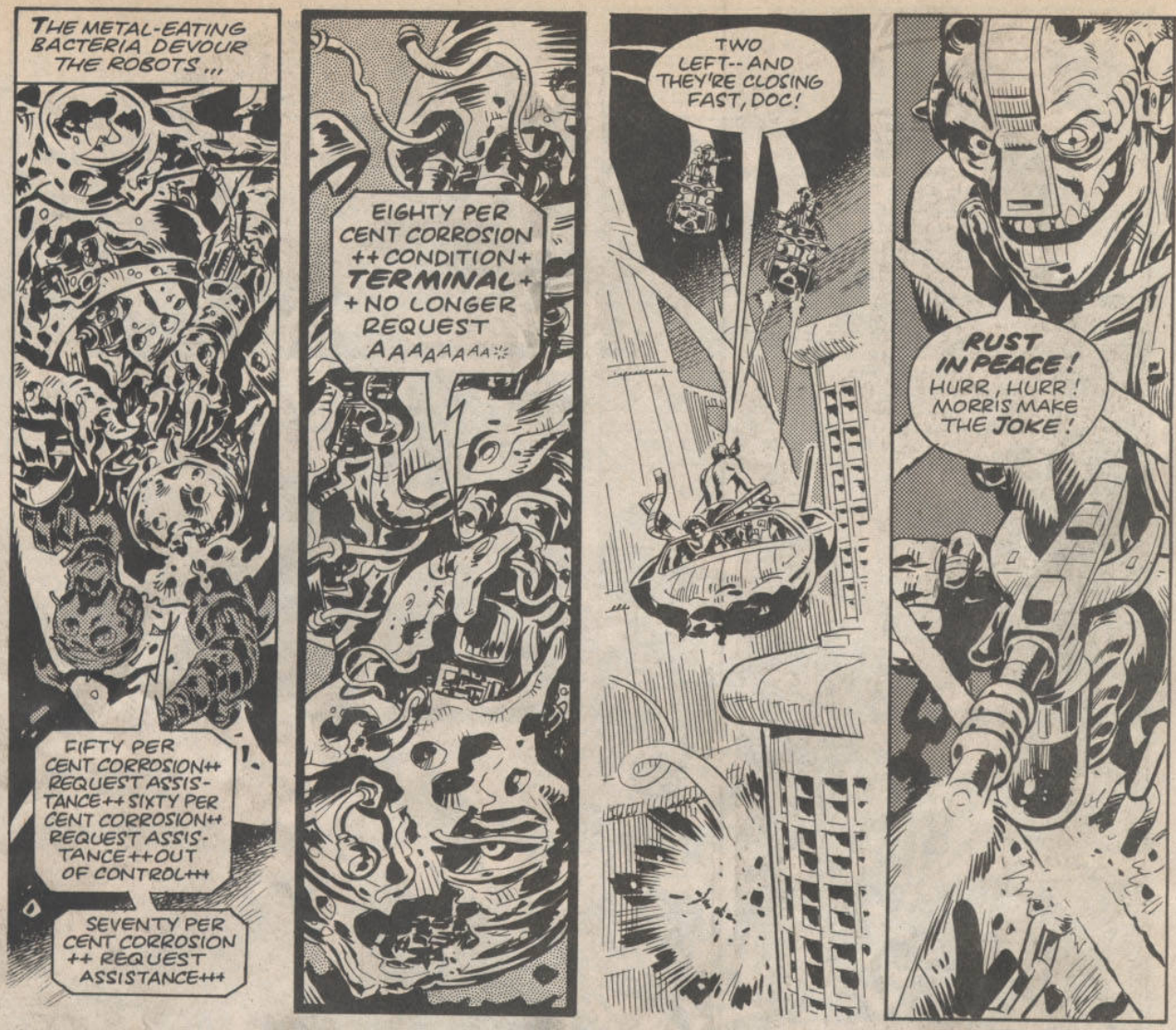
IT'S VITAL YOU REMEMBER!
YEHHH! MORRIS HAVE TROUBLE WITH THE REMEMBERING... DOCTORS NOT FINISHED WITH MORRIS YET-- GOTTA DO MORE WORK... IN HERE!

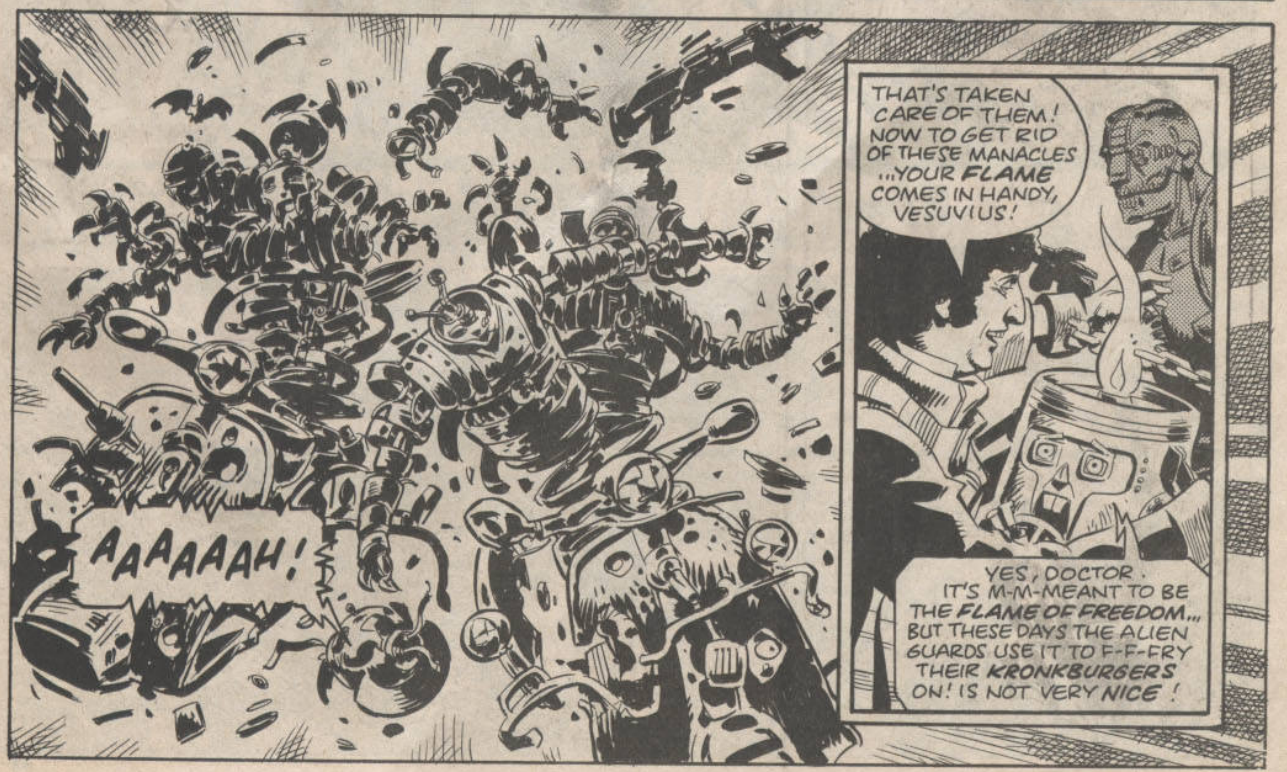

OBSERVATION WINDOW-- IT'S OUR ONLY WAY OUT! IT'LL BE MADE TO STAND UP TO METEORITES, SO WE'LL NEED FULL POWER!


AND, WITH A MIGHTY SHATTERING OF ARMOURED GLASS...

BUT, OUTSIDE THE ALIEN SPACESHIP...
OH, DEARIE I...! ROBOT FLYING SQUAD! WE'RE T-T-TRAPPED BETWEEN THEM AND THE M-M-MALEVILUS! THESE DAYS!


INTRUDERS HAVE DESECRATED THE TEMPLE OF THE GODS ++ ELIMINATE THEM +++
M-M-ME MAY HAVE ANOTHER GUSHER!
HOLD ON, VESUVIUS!
THE MALEVILUS ARE TURNING BACK --THEY CAN'T WANT PEOPLE TO SEE THEM AS THEY REALLY ARE!
B-B-BUT WHAT ABOUT THE FLYING SQUAD?
USE THE BACT GUN, MORRIS -- IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
YEHHHHH!
GERM WAR-FARE ATTACK++ TAKE EVASIVE ACTION++ TAKE EVASIVE ACTION+++
CLXXV


THE METAL-EATING BACTERIA DEVOUR THE ROBOTS ...
FIFTY PER CENT CORROSION++ REQUEST ASSIS-TANCE++ SIXTY PER CENT CORROSION++ REQUEST ASSIS-TANCE++OUT OF CONTROL+++
SEVENTY PER CENT CORROSION ++ REQUEST ASSISTANCE+++
EIGHTY PER CENT CORROSION ++CONDITION+ TERMINAL+ +NO LONGER REQUEST AAAAAAAA:
TWO LEFT-- AND THEY'RE CLOSING FAST, DOC!
RUST IN PEACE! HURR, HURR! MORRIS MAKE THE JOKE!


AAAAAH!
THAT'S TAKEN CARE OF THEM! NOW TO GET RID OF THESE MANACLES ...YOUR FLAME COMES IN HANDY, VESUVIUS!
YES, DOCTOR. IT'S M-M-MEANT TO BE THE FLAME OF FREEDOM... BUT THESE DAYS THE ALIEN GUARDS USE IT TO F-F-FRY THEIR KRONKBURGERS ON! IS NOT VERY NICE!

DON'T WORRY, VESUVIUS--I INTEND TO MAKE THE FLAME OF FREEDOM BURN BRIGHTLY AGAIN!
IF ONLY YOU COULD, DOCTOR--B-B-BUT THINGS HAVE BEEN VERY BAD SINCE THE M-M-MALEVILUS LANDED IN ROME...
EL+M+N+++
...THEIR LEADER, MAGOG, HAS T-T-TAKEN OVER THE BODY OF THE EMPEROR'S MOTHER, JUNO--SO HE CAN DIRECT AFFAIRS OF ST-ST-STATE...!
R+P+IR+++
...AND WHEN THE EMPEROR SUCCEEDS TO THE TH-TH-THRONE, HE, TOO, WILL BE TAKEN OVER! MAGOG HAS GREAT P-P-POWERS... HE CAN BE IN MANY PLACES AT ONCE!
G++D+F+TS+++
MULTIPLE METAMORPHOSIS...! I NEVER DREAMED MAGOG WAS SO POWERFUL... NEVERTHELESS, I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO DESTROY HIM, VESUVIUS!
Y+S+J+ST+++
EL++M+N++AT+++
MORRIS!
OH, DEARIE I! MR. MORRIS IS HURT V-V-VERY BADLY! THESE DAYS!

THE C-C-CATACOMBS..! IT'S THE ONLY PLACE US WILL BE SAFE FROM FOOT PATROLS!
LEAN ON ME, MORRIS...
IT'S A MORTAL WOUND...THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO..!
RECKON DOCTORS NOT GO PATCH ME UP THIS TIME, EH, DOC..? NO...NO MORE ESCAPING FOR MORRIS...
I'M AFRAID NOT, MORRIS.
BUT MORRIS...HE... UUUH! HE DONE GOOD, DIDN'T HE, DOC?
YOU DID GREAT, MORRIS. WE'D NEVER HAVE MADE IT WITHOUT YOU!
MOMENTS LATER...
GOODBYE, MORRIS, OLD FRIEND.
POOR MR. MORRIS ...OH, MED-D-DOESN'T LIKE IT VERY MUCH DOWN HERE, DOCTOR!

WHAT'S ALONG THERE, VESUVIUS?
THE HALL OF THE BESTIARUS--THE BEAST MEN! GENETICALLY ENGINEERED S-S-SOLDIERS! THE BESTIARUS WEREN'T SUCCESSFUL--SO THEY WERE DE-ACTIVATED. THEY'VE L-L-LAIN THERE FOR CENTURIES!

ROBOTS MUCH BETTER!
WHAT WENT WRONG WITH THE BESTIARUS?
THEY SMASHED EVERYTHING IN SIGHT!

A FEW ADJUSTMENTS TO THIS EQUIPMENT, AND--
NO, DOCTOR! IT'S TOO RISKY! THESE DAYS!
THE BESTIARUS ARE ALL WE'VE GOT, VESUVIUS...WE'RE GOING TO USE THEM TO SMASH THE EVIL OF ROME!

THE DOCTOR REPAIRS THE CONTROL CONSOLE AND THEN... AS RAW POWER SURGES THROUGH THE MACHINES...
...THE BEAST MEN AWAKE!

I'VE PROGRAMMED THE BESTIARUS TO FUNCTION FOR TWENTY FOUR HOURS ...THEY'LL USE THE CATACOMB SYSTEM TO STRIKE AT STRATEGIC POINTS THROUGHOUT ROME!
YOU'RE GOING TO START A REVOLUTION ...G-G-GOSH!

WE'VE GOT TWENTY FOUR HOURS TO SEIZE AN EMPIRE! FOR WHOEVER CONTROLS ROME...
...CONTROLS THE GALAXY!

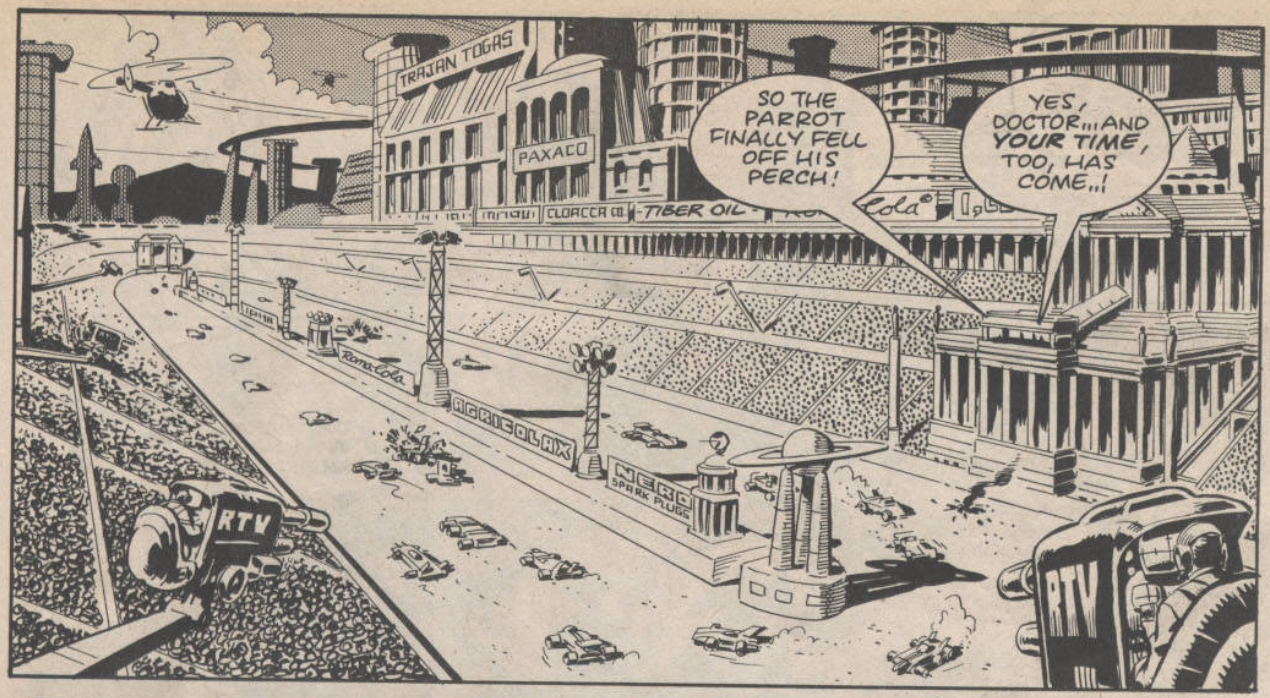
WITH GRIM MENACE, THE BESTIARUS LUMBER TOWARDS THEIR OBJECTIVES...
I HOPE YOU KEPT THE BEAST MEN'S INSTRUCTIONS SIMPLE, DOCTOR... ALTHOUGH THEY'RE S-S-SAVAGE FIGHTERS, THEY HAVE DIFFICULTY UNDERSTANDING THINGS!

YOU MEAN LIKE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DOORS AND WALLS...?
EXACTLY, DOCTOR!

AS THE BEAST MEN DEPART...
BUT WHAT ABOUT GENERAL IRONICUS AND MAGOG...? THEY'LL BE AT THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS THESE DAYS TO WATCH THE CH-CH-CHARIOT RACES!
THEN THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING, VESUVIUS -- FOR A FINAL CONFRONTATION WITH MAGOG!

OOOH! THE THOUGHT OF M-M-MAGOG MAKES I GO ALL OF A J-J-JITTER! WOULD YOU MIND CHECKING ME'S OIL LEVEL WITH THIS DIPSTICK, DOCTOR..?
OF COURSE NOT, VESUVIUS!
BZZZ! THAT T-T-TICKLES!
'IV'... THAT'S NOT GOOD! IF ME DOESN'T GET MORE OIL, S-S-SOMETHING VERY UNPLEASANT WILL HAPPEN TO I!
YOU'LL SURVIVE, VESUVIUS... COME ON!
ACCORDING TO THE MAP, THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS IS THIS WAY... OWW! BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU PUT YOUR FLAME!
S-S-SORRY, DOCTOR!
LATER, AT THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS... IN THE IMPERIAL BOX...
THE GODS ARE NOT PLEASED, IRONICUS! IF THERE ARE ANY MORE MISTAKES, I PROMISE IT WILL GO BADLY WITH YOU!
MY IRON LEGIONNAIRES ARE SCOURING ROME, MAGOG! THEY WILL FIND THE DOCTOR WITHIN THE HOUR! THIS I SWEAR!
THEY HAD BETTER FIND THE DOCTOR, IRONICUS... FOR YOUR SAKE!
AT YOUR SERVICE, MA'AM...! OR SHOULD I SAY ...MAGOG!
GOOD AFTERNOON, PARROT-FACE!

SO! YOUR LEGIONNAIRES SEARCH THE CITY, WHILE THE DOCTOR ENTERS THE IMPERIAL BOX, MAKING A MOCKERY OF YOUR SECURITY!
YES, I THOUGHT I'D POP IN FOR A LITTLE CHAT!
MAGOG, I--!
HE'S MADE A FOOL OF YOU, IRONICUS...! AND I DO NOT TOLERATE FOOLS!
MAGOG, PLEASE... I BEG YOU... UUUH! UUUH! UUUH!
WATCH, DOCTOR-- A LITTLE DEMONSTRATION OF MY POWERS!
AAAHH! NO, MAGOG! NO! NO! NO!
YOU SEE? BY THE POWER OF THOUGHT, I CAN CREATE... SPONTANEOUS INTERNAL COMBUSTION!
AAAHHH! AAAHHH! AAAHHH!
NEXT MOMENT, THE BRUTAL ROBOT LEADER OF THE IRON LEGION FALLS...
...TO A TERRIBLE DEATH AMIDST THE HORRORS OF THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS!
AAAGGGHH!
WHERE TOP ALIEN RACING DRIVERS FROM ALL OVER THE GALAXY COMPETE IN SAVAGE CHARIOT RACES!

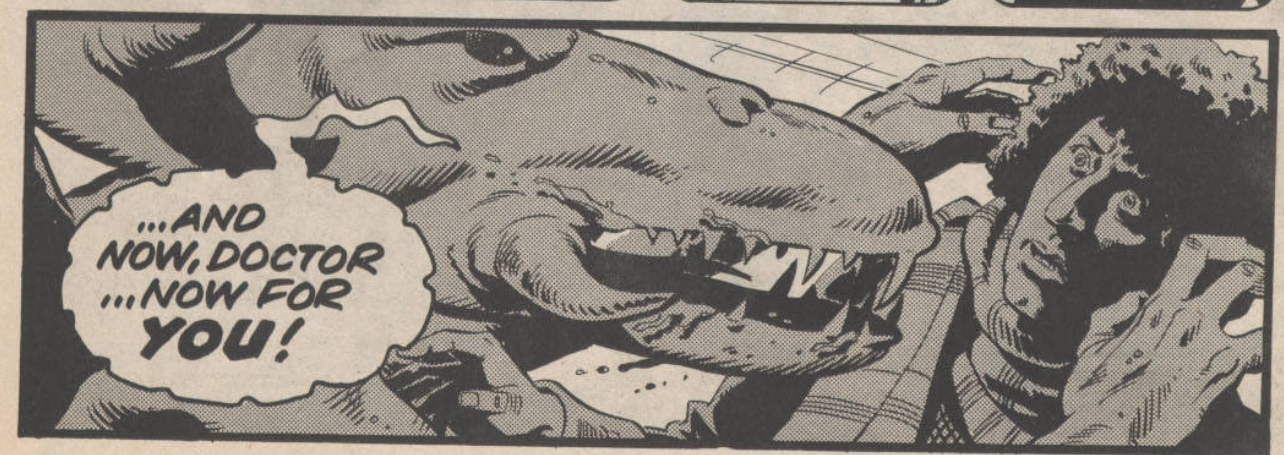

TRAJAN TOGAS
PAXACO
CLOACCA CO.
TIBER OIL
Roma-Cola
AGRIEOLAX
NERO SPARK PLUGS
RTV
RTV
SO THE PARROT FINALLY FELL OFF HIS PERCH!
YES, DOCTOR... AND YOUR TIME, TOO, HAS COME..!

BUT, FIRST...

...LET ME GET RID OF THIS HATEFUL HUMAN FORM...

...AND SLIP INTO SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE...

COMFORTABLE!


...AND NOW, DOCTOR ...NOW FOR YOU!

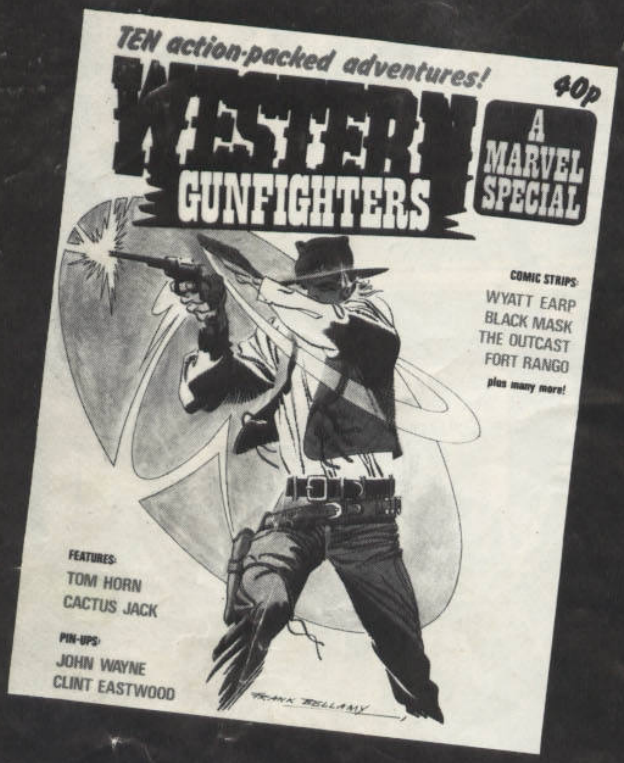
AT THAT MOMENT THE BESTIARUS ATTACK THE IRON LEGION AT KEY POINTS THROUGHOUT ROME! THESE BEAST MEN HAVE BEEN BUILT WITHOUT THE CAPACITY FOR PAIN--THEIR SIMPLE MINDS THINK ONLY OF ... DESTRUCTION!
MARAUDING, MANIC ROBOPHANTS JOIN IN THE CHAOS! WHOSE SIDE THEY ARE ON IS NOT CLEAR! BUT, AS BUILDINGS TOTTER AND THE ROBOT LEGIONS FALL BACK, THERE IS NO DOUBT--THE ROMAN REVOLUTION HAS BEGUN!
AND, IN THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS...
I AM MAGOG! LEADER OF THE MALEVILUS! THE POWER OF THE FIVE OF THE PENTANGLE RUNS THROUGH ME! HOW CAN YOU HOPE TO MATCH ME, DOCTOR, WHEN I CAN BE IN A HUNDRED PLACES AT ONCE?
AN INTERESTING PARTY TRICK, MAGOG! DO YOU DO IT WITH MIRRORS?
YOU WERE A FOOL TO COME HERE, DOCTOR! I CAN MAKE EVERY FIBRE OF YOUR BEING FEEL THE MOST TERRIBLE PAIN!
I CAN TURN YOUR BODY INSIDE OUT LIKE AN OLD GLOVE!
STRETCH YOU ON A MENTAL RACK ...MORE CRUEL THAN ANY TORTURER'S DEVICE!
THAT... T.V. CAMERA... ONLY ... HOPE..!

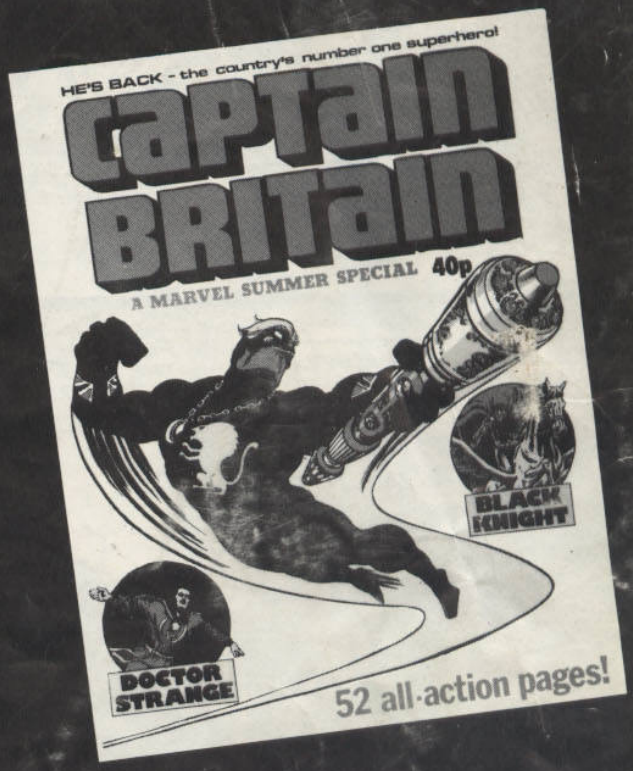
YOU...YOU MAY KILL ME --BUT YOU'RE FINISHED, TOO, MAGOG! EVEN NOW, THE IRON LEGION IS UNDER ATTACK...AND SOON, THE MOB WILL BE COMING FOR YOU!
AN EMPTY THREAT, DOCTOR! DEATH CANNOT DESTROY ME! I AM DEATH! THE SCUM I RULE OVER WILL HEED ME ...OR FACE MY WRATH!
DESPITE THE TERRIBLE STRAIN, THE DOCTOR MANAGES TO SWING THE CAMERA...
YOU HEAR HIM, CITIZENS OF ROME..! NOW--LOOK ON HIM! LOOK ON YOUR GOD!
LOOK AT THE FACE OF EVIL! THE 'THING' YOU WORSHIP! THE CREATURE WHO HAS DRAINED ALL THE GOODNESS FROM ROME AND, WITH THE IRON LEGIONS, TURNED AN EMPIRE INTO AN ABOMINATION!
EEEEK!
RISE UP, CITIZENS OF ROME! ORGANIC TROOPS ARE ALREADY OVERPOWERING THE ROBOTS! NOW IS YOUR CHANCE TO CONTROL YOUR DESTINY! THE COHORTS OF THE LEGION WHO WILL NOT LAY DOWN THEIR WEAPONS MUST BE DE-ACTIVATED!
AYE! HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH! WE ARE FREE MEN...NOT SLAVES!
DOWN WITH THE IRON LEGION!
THAT MINDLESS RABBLE! I WILL REGAIN CONTROL OF THEM...ONCE I HAVE DEALT WITH YOU, DOCTOR!

I'VE NEVER EATEN A TIME LORD BEFORE! THE VERY THOUGHT OF IT STIMULATES MY SALIVARY JUICES!
I HOPE YOU'VE GOT SOME TOMATO KETCHUP --I'M A LITTLE ON THE TOUGH SIDE, AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES!
A MOMENT TO SAVOUR! I SHALL BE GREATLY SUCCOURED BY SUCH A FEED--AFTER YOU HAVE TOLD ME THE SECRETS OF YOUR TARDIS!
COME ALONG, DOCTOR!
SOON, INSIDE THE TARDIS...
...AND THIS IS THE TIME-SPATIAL MONITOR.
EXCELLENT! WITH THIS MACHINE, MY CONQUEST OF ALL CREATION WILL BE EASIER! NOW WHAT ABOUT THAT BUTTON YOU'RE TRYING TO HIDE, DOCTOR?
WHAT, THAT..? OH, THAT'S JUST THE BUTTON FOR EXTRA SUGAR IN MY TEA!
YOU FORGET -- I CAN READ MINDS! IT'S SOMETHING IMPORTANT, I KNOW! YOU CAN'T ACT THE CLOWN WITH MAGOG, DOCTOR!
IT'S SOMETHING GOOD, ISN'T IT! I WANT IT!
WELL, YOU'VE GOT IT! IT'S IMPORTANT, ALL RIGHT ... IT ACTIVATES A CONDUIT TO AN EMPTY DIMENSION..! 'BYE, 'BYE, MAGOG!
NO...! NOOOOO!

YOU CAN'T DIE--BUT YOU CAN BE CAGED! UNTIL THE END OF ETERNITY, YOU'LL RULE A KINGDOM BEYOND ALL KINGDOMS, MAGOG! FOR NOW, YOU'RE THE EMPEROR OF THE EMPTY DIMENSION! LORD OF NOTHING! KING OF THE BIG ZERO!
MAGOG... WILL... RETURN!
GOOD JOB EVERY TARDIS CARRIES A SPARE DIMENSION AS STANDARD EQUIPMENT!
MEANWHILE, THE MALEVILUS' SPACE-SHIP IS BESIEGED BY THOUSANDS OF BEAST-MEN!
ACTIVATE! ACTIVATE!
SYSTEMS NOT RESPONDING, BROTHER BABIYON! BROTHER MAGOG HAS DRAINED ALL THE POWER! TRY AUXILIARY!
FOR A MOMENT, THE ALIEN SHIP LIFTS INTO THE AIR...
THEN, WITH A GROAN OF DYING ENGINES, CRASHES INTO THE GROUND --EXPLODING IN FLAMES!
AND--THE TERROR OF THE MALEVILUS IS FINALLY OVER!
SOME TIME LATER...
POLICE
OH, DEARIE I! ROME IS FREE, THANKS TO YOU, D-D-DOCTOR! ME IS SO HAPPY-- ME COULD ERUPT!
IT WAS YOUR DOING, TOO, VESUVIUS! THAT'S WHY THE CITIZENS MADE YOU THEIR NEW EMPEROR!
OH, YES! OH, G-G-GOSH! SO MANY IMPORTANT DECISIONS FOR I TO MAKE THESE DAYS! LIKE WHAT TO DO WITH THE LAST EMPEROR, LITTLE ADOLPHUS!
THIS ADDRESS MIGHT BE USEFUL, CAESAR ...IT'S A BOARDING SCHOOL ON THE ICE-PLANET CRYOS FOUR, IN A REMOTE CORNER OF THE GALAXY! RUN BY AN ORDER OF LUKRONIAN VORKS--VERY STRICT ON DISCIPLINE, I BELIEVE!
AN EXCELLENT IDEA, DOCTOR! ME WILL WR-WR-WRITE TO THEM IMMEDIATELY!
WELL, GOOD LUCK, CAESAR! I'M OFF FOR A QUIET HOLIDAY, SOMEWHERE PEACEFUL! CHAP I MET SUGGESTED BENIDORM...! SUN, SEA, SAND--AND A LITTLE BIT OF OLÉ!
THE END.

THE MARVEL SUMMER SPECIALS ARE HERE!





ON SALE NOW